

The Occident

A Presbyterian Family Paper

Whole No. 1516

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 25, 1897.

Price \$2 per Year

The **Occident** is the only organ of the Presbyterian Church published on the Pacific Coast. It is issued weekly, and circulates among a constituency of over 50,000 of the best people of California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. It also circulates extensively in the Eastern States, and all over the world.

It is therefore a Coast Bureau of Presbyterian work and a First-class Advertising Medium.

Entered at San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter.

TERMS:

Per Year in Advance.....\$2 00
To Foreign Countries..... 3 00

Subscribers are requested to remit promptly when the year for which their subscription is paid expires.

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The spirit of separation will come, and one and another will hear the Holy Spirit saying, "Separate me this one; separate me that one" . . . Here will arise a young man, who will say, "I hear God calling me into the gospel ministry, and I want to obey." Or there will arise a young woman who will say, "I hear God calling me over land and sea to carry the light to dark minds in some other region, and I must obey" . . . And here are others, many such, who are called, not to any public work at all, but just to earnest, faithful, daily living out the truth of the gospel, to believing prayers, to Bible reading, and to many quiet, effective ways of testimony.---From "Great Moments in the Life of Paul."

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Varied Themes.

The visit of Dr. Briggs to Rome is causing some comment. Our contemporaries, however, need not imagine that he will remain there; he is noted for not being subject to authority.

That Congress will at once fix and pass an increased protective tariff bill, is certain. President McKinley prefers to meet the expenses of Government by a sufficient income, than by periodic borrowing.

There is to be a patriotic, literary and musical entertainment of Abraham Lincoln Club at Linderman Opera House (Alameda), Tuesday evening, April 6th, 1897. Tickets 25 cents. The address of the evening is to be given by Dr. Robert F. Coyle, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Oakland, on the subject: "What Liberty owes to Rome." This is a powerful lecture which all should hear.

St. Patrick has not been heard from as doing anything for the world for a great many centuries, and it was becoming a question whether we had better continue setting aside one whole day in the year for his exclusive benefit. At last he has shown his power and his Irish spunk; he repudiated "Gentleman Jim," one of his own illustrious countrymen, on last Wednesday, at Carson. For the Saint's permission that Corbett should be defeated we are thankful, and shall advocate a continuance of the day.

Several questions of unusual importance, left over by a former Congress, will come before that body as now constituted, for decision. First of all there is the Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain. It is announced in the dispatches that already the Senate Committee have stricken out some of the most objectional and unsafe features, and

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have the bill ready for reporting. This makes it more of an agreement between the two nations of the general principles of arbitration—leaving the questions to be submitted for settlement as the occasion arises. To this all must agree. We do not see how this country could bind itself farther than that.

The Nicaragua Canal scheme should engage, as no doubt it will, the earnest consideration of Congress. We long to see it taken up as an American work and pushed to completion with American money, under Government control. The canal project at Panama looms up at every serious mention of Nicaragua, to offset it, but the Panama scheme was an impossibility from the first and a canal there will never be an accomplished fact. Let the Pacific Coast, which has so much to gain by it in every way, urge Congress to consider favorably the completion and control of the canal at Nicaragua.

Another matter which in due course must be taken up by Congress is, What shall be done about Hawaii? It is pretty certain that some other power will attempt to answer the question contrary to the principles of the Monroe doctrine unless we choose pretty soon to answer it. There are only some 3,000 Americans and 2,000 British on the Islands, while there are 22,000 Chinese and 25,000 Japanese there. Of Hawaiians there are about 31,000 and of others, part Hawaiians, and Portuguese there are some 24,000. It will thus be seen that the Japanese constitute about one-fourth of the entire population, and this proportion is being constantly and rapidly increased. When it is remembered that Japan is now a progressive nation, and that these immigrants will have a voice in deciding the complexion of the government presently, it can be seen that the question of our relation to this galaxy of islands should speedily be determined. They can be ours if we will take them as a gift; let us say yes, and receive them.

HELP FOR WEAK CHURCHES.

REV. R. MCLEAN.

[FOR THE OCCIDENT.]

A church just managing to hold its own, is a pitiable object. I don't know what valid excuse it can give for its existence. There is nothing, certainly, in the New Testament that it can rally to the defence of its right to longer cumber the earth, unless it should be the Lord's gracious permission to give the barren fig tree another year of trial. The common excuse for this state of affairs is that the Church is either finan-

cially or numerically weak, or perhaps both will be claimed. It is hardly ever conceded that the difficulty is spiritual. This excuse will hardly pass muster however. In view of the Scripture command if the Church consists only of one member and that one member's total wealth is one cent, it is that church's duty to go forth with the Gospel. It was a small church and a poor church to which Christ gave His great commission, but it was rich in the possession of the power given by the Holy Ghost. In obedience to the Master's command they found strength and through His power they won victories until the standard of the cross waved above the eagles of Rome.

No truth has been more clearly demonstrated than that the one great cause of church weakness is selfishness. Am I severe? I am sure some honest souls will think me so, but this is to be almost a self evident truth. "Give and it shall be given unto you," contains the whole philosophy of church prosperity. In every case where a weak church has become interested in missions there has been an immediate and perceptible growth in grace, in numbers, and in means. The little church at Hermansberg of which Louis Harris was pastor was remarkable for nothing until one day there came to it a war veteran of the foreign mission service who told with loving pathos the story trials, sufferings and triumphs in the cause of the Gospel in heathen lands. His story fired the heart of both pastor and people, and forgetting their poverty they said, "Why can we not do something for missions?" Doubtless there were of the members in the church who said, "We can hardly hold our own now." But the Holy spirit was in the movement, and that little village church became the mightiest missionary church of this century and, numerically the largest church in Christendom.

Andrew Fuller found it impossible to awaken anything like spiritual life in his church, and his own heart had

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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grown so cold that he was about ready to give up in despair. Just then came the revival of interest in the mission cause. A spark of the heavenly fire alighted among his flock, and the effect was wonderful. With one heart they arose to the call and forgetting their own troubles and doubts and fears they went forth to bless. The rich blessing promised as the reward of obedience did not tarry. "Thy kingdom come" became a burning prayer in their hearts.

Any dead church, any cold church, any weak church, any financially poor church can be aroused, quickened, enriched in both spiritual and temporal things through the same obedience of faith. Give and it shall be given unto you means something in the promise of Christ. The trouble with many of our Western churches is that they have received too much and given too little. Many who believe that they are doing their whole duty would be shocked were they to place their gifts to self and to the Master side by side for comparison. It is sometimes pitiable to see the names of men with comfortable incomes and surrounded by what may truly be called luxuries pledging from ten to twenty-five cents a week to the cause of Christ. This they will do and then sing, "Saviour! Thy dying love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee."

Where is my "help for weak churches?" It is just in this: Cut loose from the boards just as fast as you can and then reach out to give the Gospel to others. If you haven't money to give place your sons and daughters on God's altar. No higher calling could you ask for them than to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, the Great Missionary. When you send them forth carrying your heart's love and followed by your prayers, your church will become Christ's throne and your heart will be wrapped up in the cause that is so dear to the heart of our dear Lord and Master.

All are yours, and ye are Christ's.
1 Cor. 3:22, 23.

Another "Mad Home Missionary."

[FOR THE OCCIDENT.]

A few years ago I read a piece in the *Interior* headed "A Mad Home Missionary," and it went on to say that meeting a minister they saw that he was greatly excited. On inquiring the cause was told that he had just received a missionary box which contained a lot of old, soiled, badly-worn clothing. Now he being an educated, refined gentleman, and being accustomed to wear in his college days, if not fine broadcloth, at least whole, clean clothing, it seemed that he was not angry without cause.

I had a similar experience this morning, on meeting my pastor. I will say right here that he has been a pastor of a city church, has been able to wear fine tailor-made suits, and has moved in the first circles. He was a hard working man, and broke down with nervous trouble. He was compelled to seek a change of climate. His health improved and he took charge of a mission church. On account of the debt of the Home Mission Board his salary was cut down, and he felt compelled to ask for a missionary box.

The long-looked for box arrived. The wife ran to get the hammer and screw driver. They bent eagerly over the box to view the new things that would enable them to go respectably clad in Spring meeting of Presbytery. The wife hoped to go, as she had been asked to prepare a paper to read at the ladies' missionary meeting, which is to meet at the same time and place.

Number one—a good, new bed quilt, some new towels; so far very good, but where are the clothes? Oh, here they are! Here is a pair of trousers, the style of which was worn fifteen years or more ago—the old fashioned spring bottom. Doubtless they were put away many years ago, after the demise of some loved one, by a tender mother or sister, and being touched by the appeal of the missionary, consented to part with the long-cherished garment, not thinking to don her spectacles to see that they were nearly eaten up by moths. Here is another pair of trousers, well worn, made for a man who must have weighed nearly three hundred pounds. Our minister weighs about one hundred and fifty. Here is a coat evidently made for the same corpulent gentleman, which had been worn until it was ragged and very dirty. Ah, here are some soiled red neck ties and another soiled business coat. The good people doubtless think white shirts, collars and cuffs would be out of place for a home missionary.

Now comes the clothing for the wife. Some very ancient cloaks badly worn. Hello! there is a bonnet (the style worn ten years ago) badly soiled and worn. Here are shoes of an ancient type, and the poor dear that wore them so many years ago must have been a sufferer from that common disease, profuse perspiration of the feet. Our pastor's wife, fearing there might have been added to her sufferings some other disease, thought it best to consign them to the flames. The dress waists had also been worn by some such sufferer, and our pastor's wife, with her kindly, sympathetic nature, donated this to a lady who had asked her for carpet rags.

Now, I have no doubt that the people who prepared that box thought they were doing God's service. They are simply ignorant of the situation and condition of our Home Missionaries. Some of them, as is the case with our pastor, have congregations who dress in the latest style. Of course their clothes are not of the finest fabric, but they are intelligent, and educated as a rule, consequently they do their best to look respectable when they go to the house of God. I think that they would be justified in leaving the church if their pastor should go into the pulpit togged out with the clothes that came in that box. You may ask why then do we not pay our pastor sufficiently so that he can buy his clothes. I will tell you. We pay him all that we are able. We have been helped by the Home Missionary Board to pay our pastor's salary. You all know how they have been obliged to cut down their allowance. During the hard times many of our industries have been closed, people thrown out of employment, and many of us have a hard struggle to support our families. It must be remembered that many of our Home missionaries are just as fine men, and just as well educated as many of the city pastors, and a good rule to go by in sending out clothing for them to wear in their pulpits; would I be willing to see my pastor in this suit in his pulpit? If not, don't send it. If your church society is too poor to get up a box of clothing, such things as you would wear in your best families, don't ask the Board to send you letters from ministers who need good things, because there are plenty of wealthy churches who send out boxes of new clothing that is some times worth two or three hundred dollars, and thus do a great deal of good. The Board don't know after the letter passes from their hands what will be sent, and the church will credit themselves perhaps in the General Assembly minutes (Miscellaneous Column) of the original cost of the clothing, thus getting the name of being a generous church, doing a great work for the Master.

J. A. M.

THE FAILURE OF PHILOSOPHY.

DEAR OCCIDENT: I have taken much interest in the recent Howison Discussion, as outlined in *THE OCCIDENT*. The following paragraphs might form a fitting "conclusion of the whole matter." They came under my notice while casually reading in the University library, being taken from a recent book, entitled "Creation Centered in Christ," by H. Grattan Guinness, D. D., Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, Great Britain. Being handy, it might prove salutary if brought to the Doctor's notice.

Son of a Presbyterian Minister at the State University.

"Philosophy, like natural religion, has utterly failed to 'enlighten, to console, and to regenerate' mankind. Philosophy—Greek, Roman, mediæval, modern, Indian, Chinese—has built its schools, accumulated its libraries, promulgated its theories, but it has brought no deliverance to the captives of sin and death. The fact does not seem, however, to cause it much concern. It calmly sits in academic dress amid the scene of moral and physical desolation, coining learned phrases and plausible theories, but no helping hand has it ever extended to raise the wounded mortal from the wayside, and bear him to the inn of rest and security. Man's needs are great. They are pressing. His wounds bleed. His soul faints. What can Philosophy do for him? or Science? What can the Chemistries, and the Geologies, and the Astronomies do for the sin-sick soul? Miserable physicians, miserable comforters are ye all! No, ye have failed and must fail to heal the broken heart, the wounded conscience. Ye cannot uproot the love of sin. Ye cannot implant the love of righteousness. Ye cannot stay the ravages of death. Ye cannot still the storm, or silence the thunder, or calm the earthquake, or conquer the grave. Ye cannot draw back the dark impenetrable veil that hides the future; your guesses at some possible prospect of better things have no power to satisfy the longing, trembling soul of man. He looks at you with his fixed and earnest gaze. He is guilty. He is dying.

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What have you to say? Only to confess your ignorance, and impotence!

"I am going out of the world," said Socrates, "and you are to continue in it, but which of us has the better part is a secret to every one but God." Cicero, when relating various opinions as to immortality, said, "Which of these is true God alone knows, and which is most probable is a very great question." Philosophy, what does it teach us but that man knows nothing of things as they really are. This is its great discovery. It lights its taper, and lifting it up reveals an immeasurable space of darkness! It sounds with its sagacious plumb-line, the depth of human ignorance! It places us with painful effort on a proud eminence in the midst of things, from which it points us to—"rivers flowing from unknown sources to unknown seas!" In vain do we ask from it the What, the Whence, the Whither! Its oracles are dumb; and when, in despair of Truth, Consolation, Holiness, Life, we turn away from the baffled intelligence of MAN to the majestic presence of NATURE, when we stretch forth our hands amid the circling solitude of the measureless Universe, and cry, *Who shall deliver us?* Nature's only answer, if answer it be, is the silence of the eternal stars above us, and beneath us, the voiceless silence of the grave."

Wooing and Wedding in Alaska.

When a young man is of marriageable age his mother or mother's sister—if he has neither, his own sister—looks around for a wife for him, always selecting one of equal or higher caste than himself, as the standard of the family depends upon the wife. One younger is seldom, if ever, chosen, but one older and sometimes double his age, or more than double.

When one has been found—and she must be in opposite totem (descent) to himself—whose parents are willing that their families should be united, the parents of the girl ascertain how many blankets and skins of animals he is willing to give. I have known of 400 being offered, although that is an unusually large amount, being equal in money to \$1,000 or more. When all is satisfactorily arranged, a feast is made at the bride's home, friends of both families being invited.

When the company has assembled the father speaks of the greatness of his family, after which the mother's brother speaks at much length of the greatness of the bride's ancestral record on the maternal side (for that is her totem or clan record). Her handiwork,

such as blanket and basket-making, also her bead work, skill in dressing skins, and in preparing Indian food, is favorably commented on, her uncle claiming that she had never been surpassed in the beauty and excellence of her work, and anyone should consider himself fortunate to possess her.

The young man's gifts are spread out so as to make as big a showing as possible, and his uncle speaks for him and his family—he being the mother's brother—telling of their greatness and of all their bravery which they have shown, of the feasts they have given and the amount they have given away. He also tells the young man's excellent qualities and his success as a hunter. After the speeches comes the feasting. During the addresses the boy sits with his own clan; after that he goes to the opposite side of the house, where the wife's clan is, and sits by her.

The ceremony is a trying one, for it lasts from one to two days.

In one marriage of which I learned the boy took his own gifts and made his own address. He saw but the parents; he left his gifts and went and sat on the doorstep. After a time the girl came and sat by his side. They talked for a few moments, when he arose and started for his home, the girl following.

I have been told that they do not consider that a marriage, but that she was simply bought as a slave wife.

In either marriage, if the wife leaves her husband and goes to her own people, the price paid for her must be returned. If not, it makes very great trouble. The last battle fought between the Sticks and Thlinkets was over an unfaithful wife.

A boy does not always know when he is to be married. Last Spring, at Howcan, Dolf, an Indian boy of seventeen, who had been out hunting for a few days, was met on the beach by his mother, who said: "Hurry up, my boy! Get washed and change your clothes, for you are to be married to-night."

"To whom?" he asked.

"To Sophia," was the reply.

Now Sophia was a girl he had said he would never marry, though she was in line for him, but like any other Alaskan boy, he went and made himself ready, as he had been bidden. If his people said yes he could not, according to custom, say no, and one hour and a half after he landed they were married. They seem to live very happily together.—A. J. Manning in Alaska number *Home Mission Monthly*, March.

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A Presbyterian Family Newspaper,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

THE OCCIDENT PUBLISHING CO.,

Room 84, Fourth Floor. - - - DONOHUE BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

REV. JAMES MARSHALL THOMPSON - - - EDITOR
JOHN M. FORSYTH, - - - MANAGER

Articles for publication should be plainly written, name, especially so, on one side of the sheet, and should reach the office at least ten days prior to date of issue. News items should be received not later than Monday morning.

At Presbyterian Union March 29, synopsis of pastor's sermons.

Henry Varley begins on next Sunday in Metropolitan Temple, this city, revival meetings to continue one month.

Rev J. S. Gale, wife and children reached this city on the last steamer from Korea. It has been some eight years since Mr. Gale went out as a missionary. He is occupying the mission station at Gensan, on the northeastern coast. Mr. and Mrs. Gale have gone East to visit relations, and for rest.

Rev. E. Lyman Hood, of the University of California is making a special study of the planting and development of Christianity on the Pacific Coast. He has already sent out a large number of letters of inquiry in search of data as to the early introduction of Christianity into these Coast States—whether by Roman Catholics or Protestants. Any assistance that can be rendered him will be gladly received.

On Monday last Commander Booth-Tucker addressed the clergy and friends at 920 Sacramento street, on the general theme of the Salvation Army. His remarks were listened to with the closest attention, as was shown by the numerous and pointed questions publicly put to him at the close of his address. We confess to not having been entirely satisfied as to his explanation of the conflict between our Missionaries and the Army in India; but upon this we cannot now enter.

Rev. H. A. Ketchum, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Berkeley, on last Sunday morning asked his congregation to join with him in a request to Presbytery for a dissolution of the pastoral relation, to take effect on the 6th of June next, that being the anniversary of six years of labor together. All must deeply regret any seeming necessity for this separation, and if Dr. Ketchum goes away it will be with the kindest feeling and fullest confidence of the entire community of Berkeley. We trust our brother may speedily find another charge, where under the divine blessing his labors may be abundantly fruitful.

THE PACIFIC COAST'S OFFER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY;— A MODERATOR.

On the third Thursday of May next, the 20th inst., the One Hundred and Ninth "General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America" will stand in need of a Moderator. When this body convenes at the Winona Assembly and Summer School Association Grounds in Indiana, Dr. John Withrow, who has proven himself one of the most worthy of the illustrious line of moderators, will open the gathering with a sermon and then retire. Dr. Withrow, as all heartily concede, was happily chosen to this high position at a time when his prudence and special fitness were urgently required; but a moderator of the Assembly, however eminently qualified for the office, is limited in his term of service to one year. Thus it will come about that a successor must be selected; and good material is not wanting.

It will not have been forgotten that San Francisco sought the honor of entertaining the Assembly in 1892 and again in 1897,—but was disappointed in her defeat. Owing to the misfortune of our geographical location, or other causes, it has transpired that during the one hundred and eight years of migration from State to State of this representative body of the Presbyterian Church, California has not been visited. It would seem as if this great empire State of the Pacific with its unrivaled possibilities, should have more than ordinary claim upon the attention of the Church at the time when the selection of Moderator comes before the next Assembly; therefore we ask the floor and a calm hearing.

We recognize the futility, in this instance, of advancing our pet argument of the glorious climate of the Golden State; nor can we weave in successfully the history of the modern argonauts and the entrancing stories indigenous to our soil. The Pacific Slope is as yet a great *missionary field*. We are still moulding the clay and quarrying the stone for the foundations of institutions for Church and State; we have required help in this vast work and still require it. What Presbyterianism on the Pacific will be a generation hence, as to spiritual influence, doctrinal soundness and following, depends to no inconsiderable degree upon the attitude of the Mother Church in giving or withholding her wisdom, her sympathy and her prayers. There is need just now, a need which might be doubly emphasized, that the strong arm of the Church should be outstretched toward us: That her fostering care should be visibly pledged in behalf of our earnest Home Missionaries and their churches, faithful in duty to God amid numerous hardships; and of our young educational institutions, planted with prayer and heroic faith, struggling at disadvantage, in poverty some of them, to compete with the great Universities with their rich endowments and false philosophies—the spiritual ruin of many of our most promising sons and daughters.

We understand, however, that what the brethren soon to assemble will desire to know is, whether the Pacific Coast can produce a man worthy of such high distinction, and available, for the office of Moderator.

THE OCCIDENT has learned through various channels the thought of the Coast and it is that *one* worthy of our worthies should be set forth as the representative of all.

We take pleasure, therefore in putting in nomination for the Moderatorship of the coming General Assembly a gentleman of culture, of courtesy and of grace;—a man in the prime of strong manhood, a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College and of the Western Theological Seminary;—who has had experience in the pastorate of important churches east of the Rocky Mountains and in this State, and whose sympathetic knowledge of the weakest churches and their pastors has been tested;—a gentleman who has traveled, at his own charges, around the globe visiting the Mission fields with his eyes and ears open;—whose pen has graced the pages of our religious press and Quarterly Reviews;—who, by reason of his ability as a clear thinker, was requested to prepare a paper, which he did, to read before the last pan-Presbyterian Council at Glasgow. We nominate the Stuart Professor of Systematic Theology in the San Francisco Theological Seminary—REV. HENRY COLLIN MINTON, D. D.

WHAT BENEFITS—AT DEATH?

"What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?"

"The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection."

Even a cursory reading of this answer will show two most interesting and important doctrines of the Bible;—that pertaining to the *soul* and that pertaining to the *body* of the believer. We are neither all body nor all soul. Christ Jesus does not perform an incomplete work; if he redeems at all he redeems the whole man. Therefore, there are benefits flowing both to the soul which is immortal and to the body which is mortal. Of course this is recognized regarding the living man. The inner life is fed with spiritual truth while the outer man is fed and clothed with temporal necessities. But the question and answer pertain to benefits at the time of the separation of soul and body—at the moment of death.

When the life goes from the bodily tabernacle, when the soul ceases to inhabit this earthly flesh, what becomes of it? Is it like the wandering dove of Noah, or does it lie down in unconscious sleep until the appearance of the Son of man in his glory; or is there a resting place for it, a visible place, with present consciousness? We believe the Scriptures teach the latter. Death is called a sleep. It is certainly a sleep of the body. Activity ceases. The organs of the senses are closed. There is no longer an open channel for vision; no medium for the communication of sound; no response to touch. Life has gone out and the house, now tenantless, lies motionless, helpless, dead. This body was alive a moment ago; its powers were all alert, its movements rapid and orderly. Yet it was the same body that is now powerless and senseless. Wherein is the difference? In this: A moment ago the soul, which is the life, was in the body—now it has left it. The body therefore is only living so long as the soul inhabits it.

Now this living inhabitant, this immortal breath of Jehovah has gone out—where? Into the glory of its Lord. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," said our Savior to the penitent malefactor. Where Christ is there is paradise. There is no doubtful, erring path between the door of this earthly tabernacle and the presence of the Lord. Absent from the one is to be present with the other. Indeed, if Christ is with the soul while it abides in the body, we may assure ourselves that the soul is with Christ when it is out of the body. The soul and its Lord can never be separated from the moment when they are united in love. But the difference is that during one instant the soul can only see its beloved through the medium of limited senses, as through a reflecting glass; the next instant it beholds him face to face.

The careless, impenitent soul often

keeps the knocking Lord waiting before the door a good while before entrance is given him; but is there the slightest evidence that the Lord deals so with any self-surrendering, hungry, weary soul that seeks him? How then can we imagine our Savior keeping the soul, after it leaves the body, waiting for ages and ages, somewhere, before it is permitted to look into his face? The sweetest thought of the sanctified one is to behold Him in his glory. The hunger of the soul is to be with Him; there can be no sanctification away from him. No, the blessed One keeps none of his redeemed tarrying in the darkness; he receives them immediately into his glory. And so, necessarily, they are made perfect in holiness. This does not imply that progress ceases, but that sin has ended. It does not imply that the soul entering the blissful presence of the Savior instantly knows all that it will ever know, or is all that it will ever be; but that so far as the defilements and limitations of earth are concerned, they are forever done with. The purified, saved soul enters the immediate presence of the glorified One, and starts upon its conscious mission under the spiritual conditions of the spirit world.

What of the body? It has likewise been made a subject of the Lord's redemptive grace. It too has been, with the soul, united to him. Hence, though it passes into the grave to undergo physical change, it has an identity which is united to Christ still, and at the resurrection this body will rise at his call, attracted by his presence.

The beautiful new building of the Hazlewood Presbyterian church of which Rev. W. W. Faris, D.D., is pastor, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God on the 14th of the present month. The contract price for the building was \$14,750. Including furnishings, the entire expenditure has been about 18,500. Including the lot, the organ (rebuilt for the new edifice), and some equipments brought over from the old building, the entire expenditure for the property as it stands, first and last, has been about \$22,000. Counting the lot at its present value, \$5,000, the cost of furnishing including the organ, and the new building of brick and stone, 98.6 feet by 85, with its elegant and commodious auditorium and gallery (seating 550 persons), its five Sabbath-school rooms, and its fifteen other apartments (including lobbies, and the basement rooms for social uses), twenty-two apartments in all, admirably arranged, having floor space for upwards of 1,500 persons of whom at least 850 can be comfortably seated in view of the pulpit, it is believed that the actual value of the entire property, as estimated by comparison with the actual cost of similar buildings elsewhere, is little if any less than \$50,000; and it is reckoned that even in this community, and with the advantage of the like judicious management, it would be difficult, under the conditions prevailing in former years, to duplicate the property at a cost of less than \$35,000 to \$40,000. The commu-

nicant membership of the church is about 400. A great many friends of Dr. Faris out here will delight to congratulate him in view of such divine favor on his work.

THE FUND FOR HOME MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

Since last report the following contributions have been received:

First Church, San Rafael, additional	\$22 00
Woodbridge Church, additional	1 50
"A Friend," Winters, Cal.	3 00
Vallejo Church	12 12
Bayside Church	2 00
Blue Lake Church	1 50
"A Presbyterian," San Jose	3 00
Ventura Sunday-school	23 15
Point Arena Church	10 00
Sacramento, 14th Street Church	7 75
Rivera Church	5 45
Anaheim Church	6 50
Santa Cruz Church	6 05

W. B. NOBLE, Treas.

San Rafael, March 16, 1897.

It affords us pleasure to direct earnest attention to the following communication:

SAN FRANCISCO HEADQUARTERS,
Room 1, 3rd. Floor, Mills Building.

The Children's Home-Finding Society seeks homes in Christian families for homeless, dependent children, with a view to adoption or reception on a special contract. The main office of the Society is at San Jose, but branch offices have been established at San Francisco and Sacramento. The Society has on hand for placement a number of desirable children of all ages for whom it wishes to find homes. The children are placed in the home on trial a sufficient length of time to ensure satisfaction, usually ninety days. Correspondence solicited. Address Rev. H. W. Brayton, Superintendent of the Society, at San Jose, Cal.

Immanuel's Herald is the very appropriate name of the monthly paper now issued in the interest of Immanuel Presbyterian church, Los Angeles, of which Dr. W. J. Chichester is pastor. It is an interesting publication, and offers an admirable channel for pastor and his workers to communicate with that large congregation in all departments of church work. We have looked with sympathetic pleasure at the sweet face of "Our Baby," on page six of the current issue, under which stands the name: "Katharine Gray Chichester."

San Francisco Theological Seminary—Faculty and Students.

[For The Occident.]

In my former article on the Seminary I spoke of its first faculty and their noble and self-sacrificing work. I wish now to say something about the present faculty and students. Assuming that some of our young people are sufficiently interested in the subject to read these articles, I will first speak of what Theological Seminaries are, and of what is required to become students in them; for I have met with many people who were not well informed on this subject. Theological Seminaries are schools in

which young men receive instruction in theology and other professional studies to fit them for the work of preaching the Gospel and doing the other work of a minister. Most of our young people do not go further in their studies than through the Grammar School. To become a minister in the Presbyterian Church, young men are ordinarily required to go on after leaving the Grammar School, three or four years in the High School, four years in the University, and three years in the Seminary—ten or eleven years in all.

This is a long course and is very expensive, and it takes a great deal of hard work and patient perseverance, and, if one has to make his own way, it requires great economy, self-sacrifice, and determination. The general course of study is much the same in all Seminaries, varying somewhat in different denominations, and according to the number and ability of the Professors whom the Seminaries are able to secure and maintain.

Our own Seminary has at the present time six regular professors and one instructor. Recently I spent two days at the Seminary visiting the classes in their various recitations, and seeing for myself something of the work that is being done. I was most cordially received by professors and students, and found the time thus employed most pleasant and profitable to myself. It seems to me there ought to be more of this done. It might be a good plan for each Presbytery to appoint a goodly number of its members to visit the Seminary together some time during each year. In this way the church would become better informed concerning the work that is being done, the faculty and students would be encouraged and stimulated in their work, while the members of the Seminary and the churches would be brought into closer touch, their interest in, and esteem for, each other would be increased, and they would be enabled better to co-operate in work for their mutual advantage.

In my last I spoke of Dr. Alexander as one of the first professors in the Seminary. He is the Nestor of the faculty, a man of wide learning, still occupying his professional chair, and showing his students that Church History is the most important and interesting of all history. Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D. D., the popular pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, teaches these embryo ministers how to defend and "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," and fills them with zeal for the work of carrying the Gospel to the ends of the earth.

Rev. Thomas F. Day, D. D., digs out Hebrew roots that are juicy and sweet, for the intellectual nourishment of his students, and unfolds the rich treasures of the Old Testament Scriptures so as to equip them well for their future work and to fill them with enthusiasm for it. Rev. Dr. Henry C. Minton plunges deep into the profundities of the greatest of all the sciences, Systematic Theology,

and with clear and logical presentation leads his classes to see that our doctrinal Standards are drawn from the word of God, and are in accord with the highest reason.

Rev. W. H. Landon, D. D., occupies the chair of Practical Theology. Having been himself eminently successful both as preacher and pastor, he is doing excellent service, in teaching young men how to prepare sermons, to train their people how to work, and to do the work of Presbyters well in all our church courts.

The newest member of the faculty is Rev. John H. Kerr, D. D. He came to us recently highly recommended, and already has he shown himself very proficient in opening up the treasures of the New Testament through Greek exegesis and the study of its literature. After all these comes Professor Charles G. Buck, who by faithful instruction in Vocal Culture and Sacred Music prepares these young ministers to engage more efficiently and impressively in the work of delivering their Gospel message and in the service of praising God "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Thus we see something of the nature and importance of the educational work of our Theological Seminary. My visit has confirmed my former conviction that excellent work is being done by the faculty and students generally, and that young men who come there with the proper preparation, will go forth to do good service for the Master. In my mind our most earnest efforts now should be put forth to establish as soon as possible a Professorship in the English Bible, and to secure more students of first class talent and thorough collegiate education; for such are needed for the difficult work of the Church on this coast.

J. C.

"The Philosophers Last Evening at Berkeley."

DEAR EDITOR: A certain poet says that we who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, and hold the faith and morals Milton held must be free or die, and following Milton "I too have hung my dank and dropping weeds to the stern god of sea." I read to-day with some pain in one of the city papers about a severe examination to which a certain Cingalese doctor was subjected last evening at Berkeley and it had some interest.

Some yeaas ago I had a Buddhist boy sleep every evening for months on my door-mat and a son of Dandhu Pauth once mistook me for a brother smoker, and gave me some cigars, and that Dandhu was the notorious Nana, but his son was meek enough; and I know very little about Nirvana nor can I tell a Mahatma from Channa, the coachman, or Mara the tempter; but like many others, I have read about Calanus, the old gymnosophist, who, although 83 years of age, followed Alexander out of India, and ascended his own funeral pile without regret, immovable amid the flames he bade the soldiers to rejoice and that he ere long would meet the conquering

Alexander at Babylon. That man may have been a Buddhist but he believed in a purifying fire, whereas, many in California scoff at the idea, and as the author of "the ships that pass in the night" has facetiously remarked while among us lately, "they smoke their cigarettes, and wait calmly for the sun to set."

What I object to, in the printed report of the philosophers, is not the story about the lotus flower, nor even the denial of the existence of a first cause, but to the statement regarding historical and critical Christianity as if these were all. There is an experimental Christianity, it is referred to in the words "if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine" and again "the world by wisdom knew not God," and again "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him, against that day." Indeed the experimental part of Christianity is the kernel of it, and nerves the feeble arm for fight. The fall of man, his need of a new birth, forgiveness through the atonement, and salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, are, among the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and the carnal heart rejects them at its peril, for there is no other name under heaven among men whereby we must be saved. If your space, dear Editor, were not limited, this criticism of the critics might be lengthened somewhat.

D. M.

SANTA ROSA, March 20th, 1897.

Los Angeles Letter.

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Los Angeles Presbytery held its fourteenth annual meeting this week in the Immanuel Church, this city, commencing Tuesday evening. The first session was designated as "Young People's Evening." The exercises were conducted by Mrs. H. A. Newell, the Superintendent of this department of the work. They consisted of papers and reports representing Sabbath-school bands and Circles, and Senior and Junior Christian Endeavor work. The reports showed that the young people of the Presbytery have done a noble work during the past year. The whole amount contributed by them was nearly \$1,800, and this sum will be considerably increased by later reports. One interesting fact brought out was that the Young Men's C. E. Society, having a membership of forty, connected with our Chinese Mission Church in Los Angeles, had contributed a larger amount per capita than any other society. Part of their gifts consisted of \$100 to the Condit Chapel near Canton, China, and \$15 to Occidental College. This last contribution, unselfish as it is, is worthy of special commendation. What a pleasant thought it is that our Christian Chinamen, in gratitude for what has been done for them, are now helping to provide for the Christian education of our American young people! Surely, this ought to stimulate the friends of Occidental College to say, "*We must arise and build at once.*"

The liberality of our Chinese young men afforded the occasion for one of the pleasant exercises of the evening. Little Muriel Fisher, dressed in Japanese costume, in a brief and neat address, presented a handsome silk banner to the Chinamen, bearing this inscription: "China for Christ." Rev. Ng Poon Chew, our Chinese pastor, received the banner, and responded in words of heart-felt appreciation, and appeal for help in evangelization of the teeming millions of his native countrymen. Mrs. Da Silva and Mrs. C. E. Walker gave interesting addresses.

Wednesday morning was occupied with roll-call and two minute responses from delegates, and reports of secretaries and superintendents of departments, all of which were very encouraging. Mrs. F. M. Dimmick, the treasurer, reported contributions for the year as follows; To Home Missions \$1,900; Foreign, \$2,296. The total amount contributed to all benevolent objects, including incidental expenses, was over \$6,868, and this sum will be swelled considerably by reports yet to come in.

"An Hour with Missionaries" conducted by Miss Helen Peabody, and a paper on "Missionary Schools in the city of Naples," by Mrs. J. C. Fletcher, occupied the afternoon session. Thirteen Foreign Missionaries were seated on the platform, representing China, India, Africa, Ceylon, and the Spanish, Indian and Mormon, population of our own country. We could recall three others in attendance but not present at that hour, representing Japan and South America. Each one present gave a brief account of the work on the respective fields.

A popular meeting, largely attended, was, held over which Dr. Chichester presided. Mrs. Kin Eca da Silva, M. D., addressed the audience. She was born in China, educated in this country, and graduated at the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, taking the highest honors of her class. She speaks the English language with remarkable accuracy and fluency and never fails to interest her auditors. Rev. P. A. Hubert D. D., also delivered an interesting address. He is president of Livingston College at Salisbury, N. C. This College is a Negro self-help enterprise, the largest of its kind in the United States. Dr. Hubert told the story of the hardships of his race, their struggle for the attainment of something higher and better in a very pleasant way. The reports of District Superintendents Thursday morning made an encouraging showing. A number of new societies have been organized during the year, and new life and activity manifested generally. Mrs. J. M. Newell's report as Foreign Corresponding Secretary elicited much interest. She represented the Presbytery as a flower-garden giving to each church the name of some flower as an appropriate designation of characteristics. Mrs. C. E. Walker also gave an interesting talk on "The Impending Crisis."

The closing session Thursday after-

noon was unusually attractive. The children of the Spanish and Chinese Schools and the Baby Band, each in turn appeared upon the platform and entertained a large audience with their exercises which always excite a good deal of merriment. The Baby Band contribution this year amounted to \$67.

Miss Ida Boone presented a report of the Spanish School, and Mrs. J. K. Fowlet read an excellent paper on "Mother's and Mission Bands." After an offering a vote of thanks and singing "Blest be the tie that binds," the meeting was closed with prayer and the benediction by Dr. Dinsmore.

We spent a pleasant day with Calvary church at Riverside last Sabbath. The people are happy in the prospect of having their pastor elect, Rev. W. J. Arnold of Portland, Oregon, with them next Sabbath. They are making arrangements to give him a hearty welcome.

March 20, 1897.

D. R. C.

Church News.

CALIFORNIA.

TRINITY CHURCH, S. F.—The Rev. A. N. Thompson, D. D., of Tacoma, occupied the pulpit of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Sunday, March 21, 1897. He will also occupy the pulpit March 28.

SANTA MONICA.—Four were added to the church at the last communion, three on profession. The following Sabbath two elders were ordained by the pastor. Early in March Mr. Varley of England, and Mr. Hadly of the Water street Mission, New York, spoke to large audiences in the church; both are strong speakers and aroused a warm interest in evangelistic work.

DANVILLE.—The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed here last Sabbath, March 14. Five persons united with the church, two by baptism and profession of faith, one by profession of faith, and two by letter from the Presbyterian church in Canada. In the evening a praise service was held, the pastor, Rev. J. C. Burgess, giving an earnest address to the communicants.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.—A Sacred Literary Society has been organized by the young people of the church. Its object is the study of the Bible, Missions, and general literature with reference to Bible truths. Meetings are held every Friday evening. A good program is arranged, and the meetings are interesting and helpful to both old and young. Subject for this week: "The Bible in Literature."

BROOKLYN CHURCH, E. OAKLAND.—Rev. S. S. Palmer, pastor, is preaching a series of evening sermons as follows: 1. March 21—"The First Century in the History of the World"; 2. March 28—"The First Century and Its Greatest Men"; 3. April 4—"The First Century and Its Life and Worship"; 4. April 11—"The First Century and the Making of the New Testament."

FRUITVALE—Rev. E. E. Clark of the

Fruitvale Presbyterian Church held three prayer meetings during the week previous to communion Sunday. All who attended must have had their thoughts turned inward; must have followed Paul's advice to the Corinthians,

"But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." In consequence of this preparation, the celebration of the Lord's Supper was a more helpful and reverential occasion than it would otherwise have been.

A. M. F.

SAN DIEGO.—Rev. P. E. Kipp is still absent from his pulpit by continued illness. Rev. D. M. Stuart of National City supplied our pulpit on the 7th inst., and Rev. G. C. Butterfield of El Cajon on the 14th. Both of these brethren greatly encouraged and helped us by their visits, and we feel under special obligation to them for their timely ministrations. We hope to see our beloved pastor restored to his usual health, and back again in his accustomed place before long.

An address by Mrs. Dr. da Silva the native Chinese missionary who is now on this coast, which we had the pleasure of having not long since, was enjoyed by a large congregation. W. V. C.

FIRST CHURCH, REDLANDS — This church at present is without a pastor. The late pastor, Rev. J. H. Stewart, having resigned this charge about four months ago. During this interval we have been having supplies (some as candidates.) Dr. J. Worrall formerly of Keokuk, Iowa, is now preaching for us and will do so for the next two or three Sabbaths. February 21st, this congregation took up the annual collection for Home Missions. At the request of the session the Doctor delivered a very acceptable discourse on that subject. The future for this congregation we consider a bright one; a field that cannot be equalled in the State. The congregation contemplate the erection of a more commodious house of worship in the near future.

SANTA BARBARA.—We have a committee of young ladies composed of selected members of the Christian Endeavorers, called "The Floating Committee," whose duty it is to visit any vessels entering our harbor, and to hold religious converse and religious services with the different crew, and any persons who may be found on board.

The Chairman of the Committee that represents our church is Miss Livermore, who discharges her duties in the most admirable manner, well assisted by her fellow members.

Among other vessels that they have lately visited are the *Monterey* and *Monadock*. They report themselves as having been well received, and treated in the most hospitable manner. They held very interesting religious meetings. They brought on two or three occasions, quite a number of the different ships' companies up to our church, to attend our prayer meetings, and on the Sab-

(Continued on page 19.)

Contributed Articles.

DEISTICAL RATIONALISM OR CHRISTIANITY, WHICH?

BY REV. J. B. WARREN.

NO. I.

[FOR THE OCCIDENT.]

That which, in the revolution of time, now takes its turn in prominent position before the thinking world is the assault upon the integrity of the Christian Scriptures, and upon the essential principles of Christian truth, from various quarters, and by totally different classes.

Besides the assaults of avowed enemies, which we naturally expect, sounds of adverse criticism come from supposed allies; from men who occupy positions of trust and influence in institutions of learning born alone of Christian enlightenment, nourished to adult strength by Christian brains and money, and depending for living support on Christian patronage.

But worse than this: Dazzled by the smart appearance of destructive critics, attracted by their puerile and preposterous claims to a virtual monopoly of intellect and learning, and emboldened by the quiet demeanor of the friends of Christian truth, which they mistook for timidity and hopelessness, here and there a voice is heard amid the Christian hosts joining in with the assailants of the sacred Scriptures, and of some of its most cherished teachings. At first they spoke somewhat cautiously, as if not quite sure that they could safely attack the Bible in the very house of its friends; but, mistaking the long-suffering of orthodox men, and, believing that it arose from conscious inferiority of ability and scholarship, these "enemies within the camp" grew bolder and bolder, until they come to vie with outside destructionists in the zeal and persistence with which they strive to discredit those principles they once solemnly engaged to uphold and defend. And the strange thing about it (to those not acquainted with the methods of destructionists) is that this is done while the doers of it loudly profess the greatest loyalty to the Word of God.

It would have been bad enough if these persons had at once abandoned the positions of trust they had among believers, and had gone over openly to the enemy. It would at least have shown manly and honorable consistency between principle and conduct. But they insist on remaining in Christian pulpits and theological seminaries, re-

ceiving salaries as Christian teachers, and, reversing the action of Saul of Tarsus, insist on their right to destroy the faith which once they preached, and putting the church to the unpleasant necessity of enduring their hurtful presence, or of forcing them out.

There is neither manhood nor honor in such a course; it is as if they stab the mother who bore them, and mutilate the breasts that nourished them.

These are mostly persons professing faith in the Scriptures, yet who never had any settled intelligent conviction of truth, are easily moved hither and thither by whatever makes a brave show or seems popular, or attracts to them that attention for which they could never reasonably hope while plain, modest, earnest teachers of divine truth. Such a man is unknown to fame yesterday, but to-day he begins to speak patronizingly of the Bible as a good book on the whole, but containing many errors, historical, scientific ethical and spiritual; he questions the fact of miracles, denies the supernatural, and asserts that "it is well known to all true scholars that the alleged authorship of the books of the Bible cannot be defended, but on the contrary," etc., and that "all true thinkers outside of the church, and the best minds in the church are also of this opinion," etc., and immediately his fame spreads as an "advanced thinker;" reporters sit near his desk or pulpit, and take down his words *verbatim*, and his "eloquent utterances" fill columns of the secular papers.

Now, all this has a very great attraction for a certain class of minds. How delightful it is to be classed among "scholars," "men of advanced ideas!" It matters not that he has no greater ability of learning than he had the month before, that he has never read the books he quotes so learnedly (at second hand), that he does not know that the ideas he advocates are "as old as the hills," and have been overthrown a century or ten centuries ago; it matters not, he has broken away from "tradition" and "superstition," and has entered the ranks of "thinkers!" He has dropped his intellectual swaddling bands, has overflowed the channels of orthodoxy, and he is happy! He will now lead men out into the clear light of "reasonable Christianity!"

Now, all this has been going on for a very long time; and the utter failure of all past assaults, led by intellectual giants compared with the present leaders, prevents all fear of injury to the

divine Book; yet harm may be done to people in general.

In almost every century men have sent out invitations to the funeral of the Bible, and have prepared orations to be delivered over the remains of Christianity. But the funeral services have never been held; those triumphant orations have never been delivered. The Bible always refused to fall in with the plans of these wise gentlemen.

This has been repeated so often that it has come to be a great though sad farce. Yet, as these would-be-slayers of the Bible, and those who were willing to become administrators of the estate of Christianity died and passed away, others succeeded them and are carrying on the farce to this day, and find many ready to clap and shriek with delight at their performances.

And it does not require much brains or learning to do this. Yet these meddlers with the sacred oracles seek to impress upon men the idea that Deistical rationalism is the necessary result of enlarged intellectual capacity, a profound and broad scholarship, and a spirit courageous enough to break away from "superstition," and think for itself; all of which attributes *they* alone possess.

And such a man boldly contradicts the Almighty; formulates a system of religion contrary to that God has revealed, nearly bursting with pride in the use of learned words of Delphic ambiguity he sets himself up as a better divinity than Christ, issues his religious decrees and aspires to a religious throne around which he calls people to bow as his spiritual subjects, and yield him an homage and obedience of faith which he calls superstition in those who believe God.

Such is the skeptical religious theorist. Such is the Deistical rationalist, who professes belief in the existence of God, but denies the necessity and the fact of Divine Revelation, and asserts that reason alone is at once the ground and source of religious knowledge. This is the professed claim of current false philosophy and the implied claim of some, who, in Christian institutions and pulpits, attempt to call in question many of the facts and truths of the Bible.

Silence is no longer proper. Religious truths are not private property. We can maintain truth only by making it known and by exposing error. Friends of truth must speak out, or people will believe that errorists are right and that no answer can be made by us.

I desire, in what follows, to speak of

the claims of the above mentioned error-ists, taking first, those who professedly substitute reason for Divine Revelation, and, second, those who, while they profess to reverence the Bible, try to pick it to pieces. And my language will not be timid nor ambiguous.

THE HISTORY OF LOT—AN ILLUSTRATION OF GRACE.

[FOR THE OCCIDENT.]

The topic for our Wednesday evening prayer meeting was Lot,—a seemingly unpromising subject. But it suggested the fact that there is one key-word in the Bible that will unlock its darkest corner mysteries; and that is the short but significant word "grace." Without this key-word much of the Bible is an enigma; or like an intricate lock, with its key lost, or thrown away. The Gospel is, first of all and last of all, "the Gospel of the grace of God." And it is the same Gospel, whether we meet it in Genesis or in Galatians; whether we discover it in the character of Abraham or of Paul; whether we see it illustrated in the angel's pulling Lot out of Sodom, or in our Lord's tenderly rescuing Peter after his shameful fall, when, with shocking oaths and curses he denied that he had ever known him. The Bible is the amplification of the simple word "grace;" a little word indeed, but a word, O so full of meaning!

Take for example, this history of Lot. It seems at first as dark a puzzle as Samson's riddle:

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness."

How can any delectable spiritual honey come out of the ribs of that unsavory Scripture biography? And yet the honey is there—the pure honey of grace—and we shall find it, if we but turn aside long enough to look for it.

When that unseemly strife broke out between Abraham's herdsmen and the herdsmen of Lot, mentioned in Gen. 13:7, it was necessary that something decisive should be done; "for the Canaanite and Perizzite dwelt in the land." And these original settlers kept a sharp eye upon the new-comers, whose advent among them was not altogether welcome. And if they saw the two friends involved in an irreconcilable war, they would doubtless have stepped in and ended the strife, by confiscating the effects of both parties. The quick judgment of Abraham foresaw this, and led him to suggest the policy of an amicable separation. "Besides," said this elder and wiser of the two friends, "we be brethren;" and it is a shame for us to set such an example of ungodly strife before the heathen. Abraham, in a

spirit of magnanimity, gave to his nephew the choice of territory. Lot, having looked the ground over, with "an eye to the main chance" selected the fertile low lands bordering on the river Jordan, which were "well watered everywhere like the garden of the Lord." Palestine was very much like California; it had a great variety of climates and was capable of a great variety of natural productions. The valley of the Jordan was the fairest and richest tract in the whole country, because it was well watered and because also it had the finest climate. For this reason it was early settled, and four flourishing cities grew up in the emerald basin which lay at the southern extremity of the Jordan valley. And the prosperity of those cities proved their ruin. Sodom and Gomorrah became the synonyms of the vilest forms of sensuality this world has ever known. Lot chose this fertile valley, taking it with all its vile appurtenances and associations. What a strange choice for a good man to make for himself, to say nothing about the interests of his family! Covetousness is a gnawing worm, when it gets into the heart of any man; it eats as doth a canker. But when a Christian has "a heart and a heart," and with one heart tries to serve God, while with the other he contrives how he can serve Mammon, there is trouble ahead. For God is going to save his child, if he has to do it "as by fire"; but what an awful way for a Christian to be saved! And so it happened to worldly-minded Lot. When the angel of the Lord plucked him out of the doomed Sodom what did the poor man have left? His property was consumed to ashes; and he had nothing to show for his religion. Not a soul was ever saved by him, so far as we know, not even in his own family. And when he reached heaven, what a feeling of loneliness he must have had. Not a single soul in all that bright world of bliss could recognize Lot as the means of bringing him there, or as ever having done him any spiritual good. And so Lot went up out of that burning Sodom an awfully desolate man, and made his home in a cave; and there he became the incestuous father of the Moabites and Ammonites, two of the wickedest nations that ever lived; who were the plagues and bitter enemies of God's covenant people.

It is indeed a dark picture throughout. And yet it furnishes the back-ground for a bright and beautiful illustration of divine grace. One of the sweetest flowers of grace, a flower that has shed an

everlasting perfume upon the pages of Scripture, came out of that deadly miasmatic swamp of heathen degradation. Ruth, the Moabitess, one of the most charming characters in all Bible history, the great-grandmother of David, and a maternal ancestor of our Lord Jesus Christ, was a lineal descendant of Lot. And the book of Ruth, you know, is an addendum to the book of Judges, and really belongs to that book. And Judges is the record of a period of semi-barbarism in Israel, of a period when the Jewish Church seemed as if about to collapse. And right in the midst of that scene of moral desolation is set the book of Ruth, like a sweet evangel, illustrating by the sharp spiritual contrasts which surround it, the very heart and substance of the Gospel—salvation by grace. The lustre of that precious diamond among God's jewels is enhanced by contrast with the coarse and vulgar setting in which it is placed. Whenever we think of Lot, then, let us also think of Ruth, the Moabitess, who was a lineal descendant of Lot, and became the maternal ancestor, according to the flesh of our exalted Redeemer. And then will we get a glimpse of the supreme place which grace holds in the mind of God, in the Word of God, and in the economy of Redemption.

And in conclusion let us say to inquirers; if you do not understand the Bible, don't dismember it and think to find out its secret in that way. Don't break in pieces the lock, or throw it away, as many people are doing, but diligently search for the key that will open the lock. The Holy Spirit, who is the author of the Bible, if earnestly invoked, will help you to find that key.

W. V. COUCH.

It is said that if a lamp-wick is soaked in vinegar twenty-four hours before being placed in the lamp, a clearer flame will be insured. Wicks should be changed often, as they soon become clogged and do not permit the free passage of the oil.

Constant discipline in unnoticed ways and the spirit's silent unselfishness, becoming the hidden habit of the life, give to it its true saintly beauty; and this is the result of care and lowly love in little things.—T. T. Carter.

Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt."—Charles Kingsley.

Literature of the Day.

All books and magazines received will be acknowledged promptly. Any extended notice will be at the option of the Literary Editor.

Book Review.

"The World for Christ," by A. J. F. Behrends, D. D. Eaton & Main, New York: San Francisco Agency, 1037 Market Street. This new book from the ready pen of a noted Brooklyn, N. Y. preacher, is one of the best, as it is one of the most recent of the strong presentations of the claims of Missions. It is a loud call to the church to conquer, and rings, in every paragraph, a bright, clear note of hope and triumph. To a diction as fluent as it is trenchant, and a spirit Evangelical and leaderlike, there is added the practical undercurrents of large administrative experience; for Dr. Behrends has been for many years, closely connected with the innermost counsels of the American Board. The fact that the author is a Congregationalist Minister, while the lectures were given before the students of a Methodist University and the money was subscribed by a member of the Reformed Church gives a delightful undenominational spirit to the work and suggests the fanciful idea that the Parliament of Federated Evangelical Missions has had its first convention.

The plan of the work is comprehensive and includes the following main divisions: The Authority; the Field; the Results; the Resistance; the Leaders, and the Agencies, each being treated with grasp and thoroughness, always individualistic. Never traveling easily in any harness but his own, Dr. Behrends is never more refreshingly unconventional than in these lectures.

In the chapter on Authority are a number of admirable pages, none of which are more convincing than those on the first point: No church can survive unless it can conquer. "We must secure the success of Christianity everywhere if we are to preserve Christianity anywhere." Other motives mentioned are, The Golden Rule, The Command of Christ, and the purpose of God.

There is now and then a mild dissent from strong orthodox positions that rubs the fur the wrong way as we read, and yet, almost always, such departures are made good before the book closes.

There is a firm stand taken with reference to certain recent and new controversies. "Audacity should stay at home; it is the cautious and conservative thinker who is needed at the front." Wise words these for workers in fields leagues nearer home. There is a strong plea for the Bible in the closing chapter, based on the needs of an objective authority, with a clear call to halt to the destructive critics. In the words here there is a prophetic forecast of the author's recent firm stand before the Manhattan Association. A strong point throughout is the constant iteration of the need of thoroughly trained men, capable of intellectual leadership,

and furnished to give a good reason for the hope that is in them, and so successfully meet all the intellectual assaults of the foe.

"Voice Culture and Elocution," by William T. Ross. Baker & Taylor Co., Payot Upham & Co., San Francisco. This valuable text-book, by Professor Ross, the well-known San Francisco teacher has been so well and favorably uttered in former editions, that this latest comes to us like and old friend ripe and rich in years and achievements, to be better appreciated than ever. The thirty-eight additional pages of choice selections are further illustrative of the subject matter, and as such are a useful supplement, while the extra stiff covers will stand the wear and tear of years.

"An American Transport in the Crimean War," by Capt. John Codman. (Bonnell, Silver & Co., New York, post-paid 75 cents.)

Years ago in reading Kinglake's history of the Crimean War we were deeply impressed with the unrighteousness of it, the criminal policy which England adopted, and the prolonged debate through the night, and final vote of a small majority of a weary, sleepy Parliament that war should be declared against Russia. It is now, after nearly half a century, openly admitted by Lord Salisbury that his country then made a serious blunder. The Crimean War was waged to prevent Russia destroying the power of the Turks. The same fatal policy of saving the Turkish rule, England is following to-day.

The volume before us is not a history of the Crimean War. It is the narrative of an American ship captain, whose vessel was engaged by the French for many months, then by the Turks, as a transport to carry soldiers and commissary stores from the home government to the seat of war. It is a most entertaining story and gives a vivid idea of the long struggle, the suffering, and of the national characteristics of the soldiery before the walls of Sebastopol were stormed, and the desolation after. Here is a pen sketch of the Turk:

"Suleyman Pasha was a strict observer of the forms and precepts, too, of his religion. . . . Suleyman dined with us every day. Upon the principle of not making one's brother to offend I had given directions to exclude wine from the table. Think, then, of my astonishment at a gentle hint from the Pasha as to champagne. It was, of course, immediately produced. Upon my remarking that it had not been offered before on account of regard to what I supposed to be his religious scruples, he replied with an air of perfect sincerity: 'Wine was forbidden by the prophet; not champagne. Champagne did not exist in his day; how then could he have forbidden it? Marshallah! God is great,' continued Suleyman, smoothing his beard, and soothing his conscience. 'Pass the bottle.'"

A character sketch of the English soldier is this:

"Once after a toilsome tramp to the English headquarters, my purser and I entered the tent of an officer with whom we were acquainted. Woe-begone he looked, as he gave us a grouty welcome. 'Come in,' said he; 'sit down. I wish I had something to offer you, but I have not. Expected a dozen of porter and a pair of fowls up-to-day. Couldn't have cooked the fowls if they had come. No coal. However, might have lived a day or two on the porter, but done out of that, too. Infernally miserable, by Jove!' And so he was. He looked it all." Here is the French portrait:

"Pursued our way tediously to the French camp, where our gay friend, Lieut. Courtois, was quartered. Before reaching his tent we heard a snatch from an opera. . . . He rushed to embrace us, invited us to dine, insisted upon it, and sent for some of his comrades to meet his guests! His larder was scarcely better stocked than that of the Englishman, which had nothing in it. But roots were grubbed up and a fire was made, some rough boards were laid out, and a clean cloth spread upon them. O came the soup, hot, at any rate, if it was homœopathic, etc., etc."

"The Breath of God." A sketch, historical, critical and logical of the doctrine of Inspiration. By the Rev. Frank Hallam. (Thomas Whittaker, New York, 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.)

The purpose of this volume, as made known by the author, is to set before the reader a fair and intelligent statement of the present attitude of the Christian world toward the vexed problem of inspiration. He designs, no doubt, to give an unbiased view of higher criticism, but in reality fails. He thinks he writes from the standpoint of an unprejudiced observer, while in fact, the mind of the author is bubbling over with zeal for the "larger liberty" of the critic. The book will fail to give the uninitiated an unprejudiced conception of the questions discussed; it will give a decided bias in the wrong direction if it gives any at all.

Books Received.

From Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. "The Gospel as Taught by Calvin." By Rev. R. C. Reed, D.D. Paper. 15 cents.

From The Occidental Publishing Company, M. A. Thompson, proprietor, Station B, Oakland, Cal. "Easy Steps for Little Feet." From Genesis to Revelation. Written in simple language, for home, school and Sunday-school. By Mrs. Annie R. White. Illustrated.

From Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago.

"The History of the Holy Dead." By Rev. James M. Gray, D.D. Paper, 25 cents.

"Waiting on God!" Daily Messages for a month. By Rev. Andrew Murray. Cloth, 50 cents.

"The Complete Normal Manual," for Bible students and S. S. workers. By W. J. Semelroth. Paper, 30 cents.

Occident Sunday School.

Lesson I. April 4, 1897.

PETER WORKING MIRACLES. Acts
9: 32-43.

PROF. JOHN H. KERR, D. D.

(San Francisco Theological Seminary.)

Golden Text: "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." Acts 9: 34.

INTRODUCTION.

Time: 40 A. D. Places: Lydda, Sharon, Joppa.

The last lesson in the history brought us to that most momentous event, the conversion of Saul the Persecutor. It is apparent from his own words (Gal. 1:17-18) compared with the account by Luke (Acts 9:9-22) that the new convert did not remain long in Damascus after his conversion. After the "three years" in Arabia, Saul returned to Damascus. (These three years are doubtless to be inserted between vs. 21 and 22 of Acts 9.) The quickened energy and zeal with which Paul preached Christ, after the revelations and experiences of that Arabian residence, aroused Jewish opposition. (Acts 9:23-25; 2 Cor. 11:32-33). Thus it happened that the very man who had himself plotted against and persecuted Christians, experienced the same treatment in his turn. Escaping from Damascus, Saul journeyed back to Jerusalem.

What a change had taken place in him and his prospects since he had last left the holy city. He had gone forth under commission from the cruel high priest, Theophilus, to persecute Christians; he came back the devoted and invincible champion of the persecuted sect. He went forth with all the honors Judaism had to bestow apparently in his grasp; he came back hated and hunted by his former associates in the Jewish faith. The Acts informs us that Saul was not received and believed in by the Christians at Jerusalem, until Barnabas came forward and vouched for the actuality and sincerity of his conversion. They could not at first believe that their former fierce persecutor had actually become one of their number.

Thus Saul came back to Jerusalem, not to report his conquests and bring a lot of prisoners upon whom Judaism might reek its spite, but to defend the persecuted faith. He was not, however, to labor in Jerusalem for Christ, much as he wished to do so. (Acts 22:17-21.) He was only permitted to remain there for fifteen days (Gal. 1:18). As he had been compelled to flee from Damascus, so also was he compelled to leave Jeru-

salem. God had a different field for him. Driven from Jerusalem, Saul went to his native Cilicia, where he continued for four or five years, until he was called to Antioch by Barnabas. (Acts 11:25).

In the next four lessons we are to follow the work of the Apostle Peter. But before proceeding to the present lesson, the verse preceding it is worthy of note: "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." What caused the cessation of persecution? By a close investigation of contemporary history, it is found that the Jews suddenly were called upon to protect themselves. That wilful and capricious tyrant, Caligula, conceived the idea of setting up his own statue in the temple at Jerusalem. (See Josephus' Antiquities, Bk. 18, Chap. 8). It was about 40 A. D. when this was attempted by Petronius, governor of Syria, in behalf of Caligula. It can easily be seen how such an impious design would arouse the Jews. Thus for a time they had no time or thought for persecuting Christians.

This gave the churches a breathing spell. It came as a blessed rest, for the Christians had been sorely harassed and persecuted. And during this respite not only were those already in the church built up (edified) in the Christian faith, but also great progress was made in the spreading of Christianity.

THE LESSON.

1. *Peter at Lydda* (32-35). Apparently the apostle Peter was out on an itinerancy of the churches, probably of those districts mentioned in the preceding verse. During this cessation of persecution the disciples were pushing forward their work with zeal and without hindrance. No longer were they content to labor only in Jerusalem. The hand of God had too plainly indicated a much wider field than that in which they had been laboring at first. And having once learned that the Lord would have them go out into Judea and Samaria and even farther, they did not hesitate to obey.

Lydda was a prosperous little city on the road leading out from Jerusalem toward the northwest. It was said to be about a day's journey from the city. There seems to have been quite a circle of Christians in this place. Peter came to visit them in his official capacity. While there he came in contact with an invalid who for some eight years had been bed fast. It was no mere

accident this meeting of Peter and Aeneas. We cannot be sure that he was a believer. But, however that may have been, Peter came to the helpless invalid. It was not a mere pastoral visit Peter intended to make. Far better than that, he came in the name of Christ to heal the helpless man.

It is especially noticeable how Peter said to the lame man, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole," etc. Peter did not wish to obtain any credit in the matter in hand. Immediately the paralyzed man responded to Peter's word and rose up. Lydda was situated on the beautiful Sharon plain. It was very fertile, and a large population was in easy reach of Lydda. Upon all the people of this region this miracle produced an astonishing effect. They turned to the Lord.

2. *Peter at Joppa* (36-43). Joppa was on the coast of the Mediterranean, about eleven miles from Lydda. This city is now known as Jaffa, and is connected by a railway with Jerusalem. It was a flourishing and important city. Among the Christians in that place was one Dorcas, who is described as a "woman full of good works and alms, deeds which she did." It is explicitly stated that this woman was a *disciple*. It is evident that the record was meant to set her forth in this capacity. The same word is used nowhere else in the New Testament.

Death comes to all sooner or later, and Dorcas was no exception. Having heard that Peter was at Lydda, the Christians at Joppa sent two of their number to him "desiring that he would not delay to come to them." Just what they expected Peter to do it is impossible to say. It may be that they thought his presence would be consolatory. A great gap had been made in their ranks by this death. Her indefatigable zeal in the service of Christ had endeared her to all who knew her. They were plunged in deep grief by their loss.

Responding quickly to their entreaty, Peter hastened to Joppa, and soon was being showed the evidences of Dorcas' benevolence and kindness. Her beneficiaries were present. It was a sad scene. But Peter had peculiar powers on that itinerating journey. As with a sudden inspiration from above he put out the mourners, and kneeling prayed. Have we any doubt as to the burden of his prayer? Then rising with the confidence of one who had prayed in faith he bade the dead arise. "The little touches in this narrative are worthy of special note, for they incidentally reveal a naturalness and truthfulness in the narration, blending with simplicity, but adding nothing to gratify curiosity. Peter put the noisy mourners out, kneeled, prayed, turned toward the body, spoke; Dorcas opened her eyes, saw Peter, sat up. Here are some particulars; graphic, brief; no display, no wonder expressed; the narrative has the simplicity and dignity befitting this revelation of divine power."

The Occidental Board OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, 920 SACRAMENTO ST., SAN FRANCISCO

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Oakland.
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* Meetings: 10 A. M. each Monday. Business meeting on the first Monday in each month. Executive Committee on each third Monday.

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* All articles intended for these columns should be addressed to Mrs. H. B. Pinney, 1366 Harrison street Oakland.

MONDAY MORNING MEETING.

(Led by Mrs. E. V. Robbins.)

David's prayer "that Thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations"; and "that all the ends of the earth shall fear Him" were hopeful promises for these tumultuous times over the whole earth. Another text is just as new and just as potent for us as for Mary Lyon, whose Centennial has just been celebrated. While she was toiling hard to found an institution to train the highest type of Christian womanhood, at an early period in our history her mother wrote in regard to those trying days: "Mary will not give it up. She just walks the floor when all is so dark, and says, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.' (Psalms 37:5.) Women must be educated; *they must be.*" From her schools in Mount Holyoke and Ipswich have gone out more than a hundred missionaries to heathen shores! Into thousands of happy homes have her pupils gone. To the graduates she used to say, "Girls, when you choose your field of labor, *go where nobody else is willing to go!*" In one sense she is the mother of Wellesley, Vassar and other institutions for girls.

Melinda Rankin was another heroic woman who was guided by an overpowering impulse to obey a command, "Get thee out of thy country, etc., to the land which I will show you." As early as 1840, she founded schools in Kentucky and Mississippi. After the war of the United States with Mexico, she learned of the deplorable condition of the Mexican people, and her heart was stirred to its very depths. Her appeals to Missionary Boards and churches receiving no response, she resolved to go and give to the Mexicans the pure Word of God. "In the awful furrows of war was sowed

here and there the word of life." She went to a border town alone, arrived at nine in the evening; because of stringent laws forbidding the introduction of the Protestant religion, she was denied entrance into Mexico. She rented and took possession of two rooms, one of them for a school. She wrote, "At dark I had no bed to sleep on, nor did I know how I was to obtain my breakfast, to say nothing of a supper. But before the hour of retiring came, a Mexican woman brought me a cot, an American woman brought me pillows, and a German woman came to me and said she would cook my meals and bring them to me. I never closed my eyes in sleep with more profound feeling of thankfulness to God. I fully believed I was where my divine Master had called me to go." She established a Seminary afterward. Amid governmental changes her work became varied until Mexico became a republic. We have not space to tell of her more uninterrupted labors, until in 1870 Miss Rankin reported six Protestant churches and schools with native teachers, a girls' and boys' school in Monterey with foreign teachers. In 1873 the Mission was transferred to the American Board. She would not surrender her precious work without a severe struggle. In 1872 our Board sent a party of missionaries to Mexico City. Miss Rankin died in December, 1888.

Our Twenty-fourth Annual meeting will take place March 31st, and April 1st and 2d. Don't forget the dates. On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 31st, we shall receive delegates, enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Morris, 1105 Jackson street, Oakland.

In the First Presbyterian church, corner Fourteenth and Franklin streets, Oakland, on Thursday, April 1st, beginning at 9 a. m., we have a full program for the entire day. Reports of officers of the Board in the morning; in the afternoon "The Hour with Missionaries," opened with an address by Dr. Coyle, and words from missionaries who have actually worked for the Master in all lands, will be an inspiring one.

Thursday evening, also in the First Church, Oakland, Rev. Bevier, Misses Partridge and Allen will present an interesting program showing the spirit and purpose of our young people in this "greatest cause."

Friday, the meeting will be held at 920 Sacramento street, this city.

Presbyterial work will be presented under direction of our Secretary for this work, Mrs. Condit, and Mrs. Vrooman, our missionary in this city, will bring many heathen women to the meeting in the afternoon, and Mrs. Condit, Directress of Chinese King's Daughters, will close the meeting with an exercise by Christianized Chinese women and girls of the First Chinese Presbyterian church.

Woman's North Pacific PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS. PORTLAND, OREGON.

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MEETINGS.—At the First Presbyterian Church, corner Twelfth and Alder streets—monthly, third Tuesday of each month at 2:30 P. M. Invitation extended to all; Executive Committee, first Tuesday of each month at 10 A. M. Missionaries are especially welcome at all meetings; those en route via Portland are urged to notify the Board by addressing Mrs. W. S. Holt, 209 Second St.

Chinese Women's and Girls' Home, 350 Fourteenth St. Visitors always welcome

* All communications intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. E. W. Allen, 469 6th street, Portland, Oregon.

JUST ARRIVED FROM HEATHEN LANDS.

Many of the members of the North Pacific Board had, last Sabbath, the unexpected pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. John R. Mott as they tarried in Portland for a day or two on their return from heathen lands, where they have seen our missionaries in their different fields and concerning whom they speak words of highest commendation.

As most of our readers doubtless know, Mr. Mott represents the work of the Y. M. C. A., especially in the colleges. During the past two years he has visited associations in Europe, Asia and the Islands of the Sea. We have heard, through our missionaries, how he has been engaged in holding conferences which were most helpful to them and to the native workers as well as to the college students. Through his instrumentality very many have joined the "Morning Watch" pledging themselves to spend the first half hour of each day in Bible study and prayer for spiritual growth.

In India a large number of educated natives not only joined the "Morning Watch" but also consecrated their lives to open and active service for the Master; in China practically all the members of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. are now enjoying its benefits; and in Beirut daily Bible study is made a requirement of membership in the associations.

Mr. Mott is most thoroughly imbued with the importance of regular, definite, devotional Bible study for the deepening of the spiritual life of those who are to have a part in the evangelization of the world.

We are pleased to know that his outlines for "Bible Study for Spiritual Growth," which our missionaries have tested and value so highly, will soon be published.

During his stay in Portland, besides addressing the public and helping the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Mott, with his wife, met the Executive Committee of the Y. W. C. A. in an informal interview. He spoke particularly concerning the work of the associations and the importance of the colleges as training and distributing centers from which two streams of influence are going out.

He is bending all his energies to the making of the stream which counts for righteousness the stronger of the two. Since people of education are the ones who will be prominent in shaping the world's history, and if the world is to be reached with the Gospel it must be done by those who are preparing for their life work in our universities, of what vast importance is it what that preparation is!

Mrs. Mott's words, although spoken to a limited circle, are of general interest to all who care to know what a Christian woman sees in heathen lands. Would that all might have heard the original narration.

She spoke first of Miss Hill, the Y. W. C. A. missionary who was sent to Madras, two years ago, by the working girls of Toledo. Although the trying climate has reduced her physical strength she has gained spiritual strength through suffering.

The city being twelve miles across, she has established six branches of the Y. W. C. A. instead of a central association.

Her work is mostly among Eurasian girls since they can come to meeting places as native women of the higher castes can not. They are not the ones who have never heard the Gospel message; but they have had few advantages and are weak—intellectually and morally—and work for them is greatly needed.

Miss Hill has also been able to interest a number of English ladies in the needs of those about them and has recently been joined by her sister who is now associated with her in her work.

Mrs. Mott was in India before the famine had reached its height but she had seen and known enough to be deeply impressed by both the physical and the spiritual needs of the women and children there.

Gruesome sights in China have more recently impressed themselves upon her mind.

Home Missions.

CALIFORNIA SYNODICAL OFFICERS:

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Miss Lucia E. Adams, Editorial Sec. 129 Haight st., S. F.
Articles designed for this column should be sent to Miss Lucia E. Adams, Editorial Sec., 129 Haight St., S. F.

HARD TIMES.

Read at Annual Synodical Meeting, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 16, 1896.

BY MRS. J. G. BARTLETT.

To the missionary workers of the

United States this is a time of deep and almost universal discouragement. In the Board rooms are anxious and heavy hearts as those charged with the responsibility of the great campaign of evangelization debate, not how to go forward; not even how to hold the ground on which they have planted the King's banner; but how to go backward with least loss. In hundreds of committee rooms in thousands of homes all over the land, women are trembling at the outlook and crying: "How shall we meet our pledges?" In the field at home and abroad, faithful workers are agonizing in prayer that their toils and sacrifices may not be made in vain by any abandonment of the ground already won. "Has God disowned the work?" an onlooker might ask in well-grounded fear. "Have your methods proved false, or is the lesson of closed churches and school houses to be found in the hard gained conviction that your gospel is not sufficient to conquer evil and ignorance, that the ultimate triumph of Satan is assured?" No, to none of these causes is to be attributed the fact that Christian workers are calling a halt to-day, that the light bearers are sadly extinguishing their lamps, that school doors are shutting upon little children who have no other hope of attaining their birthright, and that the soldiers of the Cross are sheathing their swords. The excuse—we hardly dare call it the reason,—is not far to seek. It is ringing over the unharvested grain fields, it is echoing alike in farm houses and palaces, it is whispered on the street corners where eager politicians prate of silver and gold, it stares at us from newspaper columns and wails from every page in our missionary magazines. "Hard times," says the merchant as he locks his till. "Hard times," sighs the banker as he studies his loans. "Hard times," thinks the lady as she buys a new bonnet. But as the merchant leaves his store he lights a good cigar; the banker glances up from his papers to see if his carriage is in waiting; and while my lady's bonnet has one aigrette, instead of two which she covets, it is still worthy to set off the diamonds in her ears. Therefore while it is true that "times" are "hard" we have grounds for the conclusion that they might be harder.

Driven to discouragement recently by a missionary meeting which seemed to have "hard times" for its watchword, we took up the Bible determined to see if it threw any light on the uses of such emergencies. Did one ever turn the Search-light of Need upon the Holy

Book and not find a revelation? Behold the picture which flashed from the darkness, painted one by one, Haggai the prophet.

Zerubbabel the Prince stood among the ruins of the Holy City. Three score years and ten had it lain desolate since the King of Babylon had wrought vengeance upon it; and now Cyrus the Great had waxed gracious and commanded its rebuilding. Less than 50,000 of the chosen people who had wept by the rivers of Babylon rose up to do his bidding. Bravely the long journey was accomplished, and eagerly was the work begun.

Once more an altar smoked on Mt. Moriah; once more the Temple foundations were laid with great rejoicing, praising the Lord "for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." And yet the old men wept loudly, looking back as old men are wont; to the glories of the past and remembering their wrongs; "so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the people weeping." Alas! never since sin drove joy from Eden has an earth-harmony been free from tears. But the people rejoiced,—and why not? Were they not *sure* of God's blessing? Had they not resigned the luxuries of Babylon and a weary journey and cast their hard-earned gold into the treasury to build again the house of their God. Had people ever greater right to feel safe of divine approval? And yet.

Scarcely had the shouts of rejoicing died away when treachery and malice arose to stay their work; the King himself forgot his clemency, their enemies "make them to cease by force and power." "Then ceased the work of the house of God which is at Jerusalem." "God has refused our gifts," said the discouraged people. "let us then look to ourselves." Then among the ruins of Jerusalem over-shadowing the deserted foundations of the temple arose the ceiled palaces of the people of Israel. "Hard times?" Aye, hardest times for Zerubbabel, Prince of Judah. Surrounded by enemies, unblessed by the smoking sacrifice of the altar, his gold all spent, his credit at court shaken,—what but inaction was possible. "The time is not come that the Lord's house should be built," said the people as the moss began to gather on the abandoned foundations. "When God sends us peace and prosperity we will work." "Retrench is the only watchword for hard times like these."

To be Continued.

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

Family Circle.

Solitude's Musing.

[FOR THE OCCIDENT.]

Often our path seems dark and drear,
No guiding star to light our way;
No friendly hand held out to cheer,
Or help us reach the coming day.

We walk with slow and weary tread
The rough and thorny road of life;
Our loving friends are with the dead,
And we alone are in the strife.

Though often cast down with sorrow
Yet we know in reaching the goal
There is joy in the bright tomorrow,
There is rest for the tired soul.

When this frail form is laid aside,
And earth's cares and trials are o'er,
When gates of pearl are open wide,
Which will lead to the golden shore,

Then all our loved ones pressing near,
Eager to clasp us by the hand
Will greet us with their presence dear,
To our home in that spirit land.

MARY NEVISON.

An Appeal to the Housekeeper.

From what evils do we need to guard these young women [our servants]? From bad companions, from evil suggestions, and from possible insult and contamination. In order that our advice and restrictions should protect them, we must enter into sympathy with their youth and natural longing for society, and we must remember that our rules of social etiquette are not always the same as theirs. If we prohibit the visits of bad men and women, we must allow and encourage the visits of good ones. If some pleasant young fellow is calling on Edith in the parlor we cannot consistently say that the temperate, hard working Michael shall not come to see Bridget. We should take pains to ascertain the young man's good character and respectability, as with our daughter's friends, although such inquiry must be made with great tact and discretion. As to going out in the evening, we often wonder why a girl is not content to stay at home and sew, when we should rather remember the tedium and confinement of the day's work, and should encourage her to seek fresh air and friendly faces outside. There are evils that walk in darkness, it is true, but a quiet-mannered, self-respecting woman seldom meets with harm; and if she goes to her home, or to visit respectable friends, the gain to health and cheerfulness will far outweigh such slight risk. And since a quiet, modest manner is so great a protection to every woman, let our maids have a good example in our own families. Let them see us train our daughters to soft voices

and gentle movements; let them hear us criticise the loud laughter, the forward manner, or the selfish carelessness of the ill-bred woman in every station of life. Such indirect criticism is often the most effective. This is the mission work we mothers and housekeepers can all do. Tied to our homes often by little children, by limited means or by poor health, we may not be able to attend meetings or visit for the Associated Charities, or even sew for an orphan asylum; but we can make sure that no girl ever passes through our homes without learning something useful, without seeing housework respected, without the glow of a kindly interest and the felt influence of a right view of life and its duties. Is not this motive sufficient to make us abolish all the unnecessary restrictions of domestic service, and add all the reasonable and possible attractions to it in our homes?—Christina Goodwin in the *Forum*.

The Test of Manners.

It would seem that the surest road to excellent manners is by way of a generous enlightenment which softens character and uplifts the point of view from which we regard our fellow citizens of the world. Politeness is regard for the other person's feelings. If you are solicitous about giving pleasure to those you meet there is little danger of any glaring breach of manners, albeit some conventional rule may be infringed. An unselfish purpose rarely offends; almost always the truly vulgar person is offensively selfish. He wants his own way; she demands notice; the obvious thing in this person's conduct is assumption of personal importance, as if expecting admiration and exceptional treatment from everybody. Politeness is a mark of self-control, and a proof of self-sufficiency for any occasion; but from it is quite absent any anxiety about one's self or the impression one is making upon others.

If I were compelled to express with a single word what it is that the character must have in order to a perfect rendition of politeness, I should say *adjustability*. A rigid habit, no matter how morally correct in outline, is death to that which gives to a man or a woman the presence of welcome and the expression of being at home with company. Politeness so illuminates conventionality that we see only the radiance, and forget the machinery.

Every close observer has been able to detect the difference between manners assumed for an occasion or ex-

gency, and the perfectly natural acts of a well-bred person. A man may lift his hat with a movement indicative of generations whose culture and grace form the innermost essence of his character; another may attempt the same and show by it that only yesterday he took his first crude lessons in conventional politeness. It is the same with women. Good manners come with refined home life; they must be worn every day or they will not be worn with ease and unconscious grace. And this unconscious grace is not mere gracefulness; it lies deeper; a gracious soul must shine out.—Mary Harding Ingram, in *The Chautauquan*.

Knowing How to Eat.

The London *chef* insists on it that while few know how to cook, also a few know how to eat, and it mentions Thomas Carlisle as one of those who ruined his stomach by gulping down his food in great gulps. If this be so, then we have the secret of his dyspepsia. Had he followed Gladstone's habit of giving every mouthful thirty-two bites before swallowing it, he might have been a gentleman instead of a crabbed and sour creature.

The most important hour that a day has in store for us, the axle on which all else turns, health, business, wealth, happiness, is that hour which is ushered in by what Byron calls, "the tocsin of the soul," that is the dinner-bell. It is a time for which to prepare ourselves with a joyousness befitting such occasion, and is not to be rushed into soberly and hastily, as if it were of little or no moment. Otherwise, how has it arisen that the favored ones of this earth habitually cast off the garments of toil, the coat of *varied* and unmentionable garments of *unvaried* form, and attire themselves *de rigueur* whenever it is the question of dinner?

This journal has always insisted that the hour for our meals should be hours of pleasure, and it does so still.—*Journal of Hygiene*.

Eat Cheese Daily.

A well-known medical authority says in a recent work, that cheese should be eaten at least once a day. "It is the most valuable animal food obtainable," he says, "from two to three times as nutritious as the same money value of ordinary meat."

In vain will you let your mind run out after help in times of trouble; it is like putting to sea in a storm: sit still and *feel* after your principles.—M. A. Kely.

Our Little Men and Women

QUEER LITTLE HISTORIANS.

Just a raindrop loitering earthward,
All alone,
Leaves a tiny "tell-tale story"
In the stone.

Gravel tossed by teasing water
Down the hill,
Showed where once in merry laughter
Flowed a rill.

In the coal bed dark and hidden,
Ferns (how queer!)
Left a message plainly saying,
"We've been here!"

You may see where tiny ripples
On the sands
Leave a history written by their
Unseen hands.

Why, the oak trees, by their bending,
Clearly show
The direction playful winds blew
Years ago!

So our habits tell us, little
Maids and men,
What the history of our whole past
Life has been!

—Independent.

WHAT AILED THE BELL.

It was the first day of school after a long vacation. The children were playing in the yards. The teachers sat at their desks waiting for the bell to strike to call the children to the different rooms. The hands of the different clocks pointed to a quarter before nine.

The bell was a sort of gong fastened to the outside of the building, and the master of the school could ring it by touching a knob in the wall near his desk. It was now time to call the children into school. The master pulled the bell and waited. Still the merry shouts could be heard in the school yards. Very strange! The children were so engaged in play that they could not hear the bell, he thought. Then he pulled it more vigorously. Still the shouts and laughter continued.

The master raised the window, clapped his hands and pointed to the bell.

The children rushed into line like little soldiers, and waited for the second signal. The teacher pulled and pulled, but there was no sound. Then he sent a boy to tell each line to file in, and he sent another boy for a carpenter to find out if the bell cord was broken.

What do you think the carpenter found? A little sparrow had built its nest inside the bell, and prevented the hammer from striking against the bell. The teacher told the children what the trouble was, and asked if the nest should be taken out. There was a large chorus of "No, sir."

The Occident

Every day the four hundred children would gather in the yard and look up at the nest. When the little birds were able to fly to the trees in the yard, and no longer needed a nest, one of the boys climbed up and cleared away the straw.—*Our Little Ones.*

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of birds and tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's fingerprints in the flower and field and snowflake; but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember and reason and decide, and store up wisdom and impart it to others; but not to be turned into a chip-basket or rubbish-heap for chaff and rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as fair as a new fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good, and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of a perfect man.—Ex.

JIM'S CHARGE.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

"What! another patient," exclaimed Jim's mother, looking up from her sewing as her lame son hobbled into the room, a crutch under one arm and an ugly mongrel puppy under the other.

"Yes, mother; but this one won't trouble us long, I can cure him in no time. See, his poor little foot has been badly hurt." And Jim put forward the cut paw of the whining little creature that licked his hands and seemed as grateful for attention as a dumb creature could be.

"I found him in an alley where some bad boys had left him. See the ugly

wounds on his side, too. The wretches! There are some boys I'd like to be able to lick—I'd just make 'em howl with pain!" finished Jim savagely as he examined the puppy.

"Well, Jim," returned his mother, "you are a small humane society all by yourself. That makes the fourth dog this winter, and I don't know how many cats and kittens; and now the bird season is upon us, I suppose we shall have to enlarge the infirmary. Lucky, isn't it, that we can afford to board them!"

She spoke cheerfully, even with a gleam of fun in her eyes, but she sighed and looked careworn as Jim went out with his burden.

After awhile he re-appeared with "Mother, if you haven't anything for me to do I believe I'll go out to the ball ground, and watch the game."

"Very well, Jamie; only be back about five o'clock, as I shall want you to carry this dress home."

Although Jim was very lame he was active, and never thought of letting his mother bring in wood or water. He was always ready to do anything for her, and was proud when he could take her a few cents that he had earned by doing errands for others. There was one thing though he could not do, he could not play ball like his schoolmates, or join in any of the sports in which boys with two good legs indulged.

"Oh," he thought as he looked on the game, "if I could only run like Smith! I wonder if he knows what a beautiful thing it is! And then if I could do other things; I could some day be able to support poor mother, and—oh, I'd like to go about so much and do good to people."

The tears sprang to his eyes; wicked rebellious thoughts came, too. He looked with envy upon the lads who laughed and raced with such reckless freedom.

Mothers and sisters sat in carriages at a little distance watching the game and ready to take a son or brother home when he was ready. Why should they have everything and he have so little? mused Jim. If his mother only had time to sit at leisure that way!

"A fine day, sonny, and a fine game," remarked a young man coming up to the absorbed lad.

Jamie glanced up but made no answer; he was not in a mood to talk.

"You'd like to play ball, too, wouldn't you?" was the next comment.

That was too much, and poor little Jim's eyes brimmed over.

"I knew it by the way you looked," continued the stranger in pleasant tones. "Now look here, little man, here's something you hadn't thought of; God has given them two good strong legs and some other things He has not given you." He paused and Jim looked up in his face wonderingly.

"Yes, he knew that very well," he thought, but he said nothing.

"And," continued the young man with emphasis, "He has give you lameness."

Jim looked puzzled. He knew that, too, but was not that a curse? What did the young man mean?

After a moment's pause, in which the kind eyes looked earnestly into Jim's pale face, the speaker went on, "Many of these boys care for nothing but fun and play. They will never become earnest and useful men."

"Oh, I see," cried Jim, in a burst of enthusiasm. "A feller don't need two legs to be that."

"No, and sometimes good things are our actual hindrance, while your lame leg may be the very thing to make a man of you; God doesn't make mistakes, my boy. He has been good to you, and will be if you let Him." And the young man passed on, leaving Jim with his new thoughts.

He stood for a time absorbed, unconscious of everything about, then, suddenly calling his crutch into action, he hobbled homeward as fast as he could go.

His mother glanced anxiously at the clock as he entered, then turned to her son with a question she did not ask. Her eyes were fixed on his face. There was something in it she had never seen there before—a light, a joy far beyond the vacant expression to which she was accustomed.

"O mother!" he exclaimed rapturously, "I've got my charge!"

"You're charge, Jamie?"

"Yes, mother, I don't know what else to call it, and you know we sing

'A charge to keep I have.'

Well, mother, I've got mine. Oh, I've got mine, and it makes me so happy!"

This happiness was reflected in his mother's face. When he was able to tell her intelligently of what the young man had said, he added, "And as I was thinking about it, and being so glad that God really did want me for something in the world, I thought, 'And now what can I do when I'm a man?' And it came to me as sudden as that," snapping his fingers. "I'll be a doctor, mother; don't you see that was what I was cut out for."

"You'd make a good one, I'm sure, Jimmy, but,—"

"Now, mother, don't; I know you're a-thinking how I'm going to get my education and all that, but you see just now I have only to study hard at school and practice on my dumb patients, then, after awhile, there's Prof. Lanton, he'd just help me night and day, I know he would, and I could do chores or writing for him. As for the rest, God will open the way. He will, never you fear, mother."

And God did open the way. From the day in which Jim received his "charge," he seemed imbued with new life.

He is now an eminent physician, and no man of his profession is more welcome in the sick room, more helpful and happy everywhere, than the once poor, disconsolate, crippled Jim.

THE BEST PLAN.

"Mother," said Cliff, "what am I going to do with Joe Blair?"

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap.

"Why, we are building a fort, mother, and Joe will build it so near the water that in a few minutes it will be washed out to sea."

"Why don't you get him to build it higher up then?"

"I can't make him do it," cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore in vexation; "I've tried and tried, and I can't."

"How did you try?" asked his mother, "Why," said Cliff, hesitating a little, "I first said that he mustn't."

"And then?"

"Why then I told him that he was a big goose."

"And then?"

There was a little pause before this answer came: "I jerked his paddle away."

"And then?"

This time his mother thought that she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, hanging his head: "Then I knocked him over and made him cry."

"O my, my my!" said the mother, shaking her head sadly; and Cliff felt very mean indeed. "You have tried your own naughty way, and failed; now suppose you try God's plan. He says you must suffer long and be kind; go back and try that, little son."

Cliff went back very slowly. He didn't at all like God's plan of treating Joe; but he must have tried it after all, for the two little boys built their fort without any more quarrelling, and it lasted a whole fifteen minutes.—*Sunbeam.*

WHICH GAVE THE MOST.

Three children brought a gift to the hospital for sick children one day.

Percy Wilson brought a splendid rocking horse, for which his rich father had paid. It had a lovely mane and a long tail, and there were beautiful reins and a comfortable saddle.

Every one said, "How kind, how generous, of dear little Percy!" and the matron thanked and praised him for his expensive gift.

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical top, a tea set, a toy organ, a farmyard, and a dolls' house. She had cleared out an old cupboard and packed up for the poor children a number of toys she did not care for and would never miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself; he had saved two pennies in his money box to buy himself a little plant; but he made up his mind to go without the flower himself, and he carried the little pot to the hospital and left it there for a crippled child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear this little tale in mind when we are inclined to think ourselves liberal and generous; let us ask ourselves whether our present has meant any self-denial.—*Christian Observer.*

REPAIRS ON OCEAN VESSELS.

Few people have any idea of the enormous expense of keeping the big ocean greyhounds in ship shape. It costs the International Navigation Company on an average \$10,000 a month for repairs to the various vessels. They are thoroughly overhauled every month, and the amount of small repairing necessary would astonish even the old voyager. In the shops at Jersey City there is a duplicate of every bit of machinery used in the make-up of an ocean liner, from enormous pieces of shafting down to the smallest bolt. At the conclusion of each voyage the company hires a professional rat catcher, who clears the ship of the little pests. He baits his traps with the core of a head of lettuce, and places a rat in each one, his experience being that the others will then more readily enter. On an average fifty rats are caught in this manner after every voyage.—*Selected.*

A 6 BY 9 RHMYE.

A queer little boy who had been to school,

And was well up to all sorts of tricks,

Discovered that 9, when upside down,

Would pass for the figure 6.

So when asked his age by a good old dame,

The comical youngster said:

'I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this,

And 6 when I stand on my head.'

—*Josephine Pollard.*

Christian Endeavor.

Topic for Sunday, April 4.—Matt. 11: 2-6
John 14: 8-14

LESSONS FROM CHRIST'S MIRACLES.

Christ's miracles are not meaningless and detached portents; they are "redemptive acts"; they are evidential because they give to the eye as object-lessons exactly the same instruction in mercy and judgment which the words of our Lord teach to the ear.—*Canon Gore.*

Faith, then, as now, was the sesame to which all heaven's gates fly open; and, as in the case of the paralytic who was borne of four, and let down through the roof, even a vicarious faith prevails with Jesus, as it brings to their friend a double and complete salvation. And so they who sought Jesus as their healer found him, and they who believed entered into his rest, this lower rest of a perfect health and perfect life; while they who were indifferent and they who doubted were left behind, crushed by a sorrow that he would have removed, and tortured by pains that his touch would have completely stilled.—*Rev. Henry Burton.*

On the voyage of life we may conceive of Jesus as our companion, for he is with us always, or as watching us from the everlasting hills, whither it was expedient for us that he should go. Nevertheless, we are storm-tossed and in danger. . . . And no rescue comes; Jesus is asleep, he cares not that we perish. Then we pray after a fashion so clamorous, and with supplications so like demands, that we, too, appear to have undertaken to awake our Lord. . . . We may ask help, provided that we do so in a serene and trustful spirit, anxious for nothing, not seeking to extort a concession, but approaching with boldness the throne of grace, on which our Father sits.—*Dean Chadwick*

The work which the only-begotten Son thus began must be continued, and it is the children of God adopted in him who must accomplish this task. . . . As he himself, by his confident appeal to his Father, brought down healing into bodies suffering from disease, so is it for us, who have learnt from him to cry, "Abba, Father," to call down, by an invocation similar to his own, the pardon of sin and the peace of heaven into souls travailing and burdened, disquieted and suffering; into our own, above all.—*Professor F. Godet.*

This third cure [Matt. 8:14, 15] is within the circle of the disciples. It is a case of fever in the home of Peter. It therefore fitly suggests the diseases to which those are still liable who have come to Christ and been healed of their leprosy or palsy, the chronic disease which defiled or paralyzed them in time past; but who are still liable to contagion, still exposed to attacks of fever, acute diseases which, though temporary, are most dangerous, and, just as certainly as the others, need the touch of the Great Physician for their healing. These fevers separate us from Christ, and unfit us for his service; but they need not continue to do this, for, if only we allow him to enter the house and touch us, the fever will cease; and, like this patient in the home of Peter, we may at once arise and minister unto him.—*J. M. Gibson, D. D.*

JUNIOR SOCIETIES.

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 4.

Matt. 11: 2-6,

What is One Lesson You Have Learned From One of Christ's Miracles?

THE MIRACLES.

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1.—The Blind see. | Mark 10: 46-52. |
| 2.—The Palsied walk. | Mark 2: 3-12. |
| 3.—The Lepers cleansed. | Luke 17: 11-19. |
| 4.—The Storm calmed. | Mark 4: 35-41. |
| 5.—The five thousand fed. | Mark 6: 35-44. |
| 6.—The dead raised. | Mark 5: 35-43. |
| 7.—Topic. What is one lesson you have learned from one of Christ's miracles? | |

Matt. 11: 2-6.

For Superintendents and Leaders.

Give a bird's-eye view of all the miracles of Christ in this meeting. Call for a list of them from the Juniors, and after their knowledge on the subject has been exhausted, the superintended herself should supply what is lacking. A list of Christ's miracles is given in many teachers' Bibles. Classify the miracles on the blackboard, as miracles of food and drink, miracles of sight, speech, and hearing, miracles of health and strength, miracles over demons, miracles of life, and miracles over nature (stilling of the tempest, etc.). Let the Juniors tell the story of as many of these miracles as possible.

Have members come prepared to speak on the practical lesson from the miracles.

Thus one boy, pointing to the blackboard mention of miracle at Cana, should speak of the need of helping people to be happy. Others should show the lessons of belief in Christ's power and in his divinity, of his love, of his sympathy, of faith in him, of thoughtfulness for others, of helpfulness, of obedience, and of prayer.

Discuss the greatest miracles. How

are miracles being wrought to-day? In what way is Christianity itself a miracle?—*Golden Rule.*

PRAYER MEETING.

THE CHOICE OF MOSES.

March 31, Heb. 11:24-29.

Moses, balancing the interests of the people of God with the glittering prospects in Egypt, was at the crisis of his career. The day of his decision was the great day of his life. It is profitable to study the qualities of mind that characterize his decision:

1. It was an act of *faith*; he believed in God; he endured as seeing him who is invisible; he believed in accountability to God; he believed in a future recompense for the deeds of this life; he saw the promises afar off, and embraced them. He trusted himself to God and made a complete surrender of his worldly rank, riches and pleasures, to become identified with the people of God; he threw himself upon a promise; this was faith.

2. It was an act of his judgment; it was to his understanding a wise and reasonable act. Saint Paul describes Moses as estimating the value of his prospects in Egypt with the value of the inheritance of God's people. Egypt would afford him pleasure which he would enjoy, but they would be tainted with *sin*, and would be brief; Egypt would afford him riches. It was the foremost empire in the world, and he, as a prince, with science and commerce and armies under his control might lay those riches at his feet; but he valued the endless blessings of Christ as greater riches than these. His decision was an act of *reason*.

3. It was an act of *courage*. He feared not the wrath of the king. And his choice involved not only the loss of present riches and rank and pleasures, but the prospect of affliction and reproach. He courageously chose that affliction trusting it to work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

He firmly welcomed the reproach of the coming Christ, confident that through him he would find greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

4. It was an act of *wisdom*. He looked forward to a recompense of reward. He even obtained glory from men. What is Moses to-day? A name cherished when sages and kings have been forgotten. Where are the Pharaohs? Where are the pomp and pride of Egypt? Where are the riches that built the pyramids? But Moses lives. He has received a kingdom that cannot be moved. His glory does not end. Let others who balance the proffers of Mammon and Christ, imitate the faith and judgment and courage and wisdom of Moses.

Church News.

Continued from page 8.

bath to attend to the hearing of Dr. Carriers sermons, and join in all of our religious services.

The whole matter was very beautiful; the man-of-war's men in their best "sailor's toggery," and their physiques showing splendid young manhood, and their bearing proving the complete training that our navy gives to all those in her service, and in any wise under her control; their outer garb in bright colors and spotlessly clean, their behavior buoyant and independent, but subdued. They were greatly interested in the services, some of them being professing Christians, and living lives in accordance therewith. We were most assuredly interested in them.

They were very grateful for the attentions shown them, and they gave evidence by word and deed that they intend to pursue the Christian life. Some of them wrote beautiful letters to Miss Livermore, full of thanks and the best of resolutions. Some of the epistles showed good literary scholarship and literary ability. Altogether the entire affairs were productive of good to all parties.

MIZPAH CHURCH.—Grand and glorious was the sight witnessed at our last communion, this month, when souls were brought into the fold of Christ and united with this church. It was a sight long to be remembered by those who witnessed it, and especially by our pastor, for indeed he did see the fruit of his labors. One person admitted to church membership by letter and eight on confession of faith, the result of special effort in behalf of those out of Christ. The first annual meeting and reunion of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip Society was held on the evening of March 11th. After supper, which was partaken of by at least fifty (50) young men, the excellent program prepared by the President and pastor, Rev. F. A. Doane, was rendered. Addresses on "Christian Manhood" were made by the following well-known speakers, Revs. Dr. Case, Brevier and Ketchum and Messrs. H. McCoy and Geo. Mearns. Our first meeting was a success and we hope for greater things at our next.

GOOD NEWS.

EDITOR OF THE OCCIDENT:—The following communication from the Board of Home Missions reached me too late for your last issue, but I feel sure you will be glad to give it space now.

New York, March 10, 1897.

We are happy to inform you that the Board, at a special meeting held March 9, 1897, granted an extension of the Agreements to the full time for which application was made, and at the same rate per annum as already granted.

WM. C. ROBERTS,

D. J. McMILLAN,

Corresponding Secretaries.

This communication has doubtless been sent to the chairmen of the Home Mis-

sion Committees of the various Presbyteries and when it reaches our missionaries it will bring a feeling of relief.

Some time ago the financial situation of the Board had become so perilous on account of the large debt that it felt compelled to declare it would issue no commissions to missionaries beyond the first of April next. If applications were regularly made through Presbytery, they were accepted by the Board only till that date which is the close of their fiscal year.

Now it seems the pressure is relieved somewhat and the Board is able to grant an extension of the agreements to the full time for which application was made.

It will not be necessary for those churches to renew their applications who applied for a period extending beyond April 1st, and granted by the Board only up to that date. For example, if a church has applied for aid from Dec. 1st, '96, for one year and the application was granted to April 1st only, it may now consider that the agreement extends to the full time for which aid was asked.

This will be good news to our whole church, especially to those missionaries who have been held in uncertainty as to the future of their tenure of office. These have been hard times at best in the mission fields at home and if the Board failed us it would cause great hardship to many.

Our church has always been a pioneer in spirit entering the wilderness of frontier life to subdue it and make the growing civilization fit for the Master's use. We place men in fields where there is little they can gather, we demand their whole time, and they must be sustained. They have been supported, they are being supported, and our people propose they shall continue to be supported. It is to be hoped that when the books of the year shall be balanced, that, if any debt remains, it will be entirely manageable and the work shall go triumphantly on.—Edwin H. Jenks.

OREGON.

Rev. W. T. Wardle stated supply of the Mizpah Church, Portland, Or. has declined the call of the Presbyterian Church of North Yakima, Wash. At the annual meeting of the Mizpah Church, the reports showed all departments in excellent condition. Spiritual conditions, especially among the young people have not been so good for years. Much anxiety was felt that Mr. Wardle would accept the above call, but the urgent entreaties of his people and the needs of the community have led him to remain with us.

BANDON.—The semi-annual election of officers in the Y. P. S. C. E. Presbyterian Church resulted as follows: President, Miss Rose Long; Vice-President, Miss Kalona Scott; Secretary, Miss Pearl Hoit; Treasurer, Sidney Johnston; corresponding-Secretary, Miss K. K. Scott. At the installment of officers and committees, the chairman of each will be expected to give a two minute talk or

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reading on their committees work in the C. E.

DALLAS.—The church of Dallas, was organized about seven years ago, and has grown steadily ever since. As auxiliaries to the work, a missionary society, a ladie's aid, and Y. P. S. C. E., besides a Sunday-school that is increasing in interest and attendance. We have had many hinderances, and have suffered some from dull financial times, but have great hopes for the future.

PORTLAND.—Third Pres. Church. Rev. W. J. Arnold, who has resigned the pastorate of the third Presbyterian church, on the East Side, spoke his farewell words to his congregation yesterday morning. He was greeted by a large audience, as Mr. Arnold has been a favorite with many not members of his church. His sermon in the morning was in the nature of a plain talk to the people from whom he was parting. He condensed his sermon under three principal headings—the rectitude of the gospel, the courage of the gospel, and the fellowship of the gospel. He spoke feelingly to the members, and suggested that the highest Christian life is attained through fellowship and peace of mind. During his stay he had tried to reach the foundation of things rather than that which was above, and to show where the foundation stones should be laid. This course may have subjected him to criticism, but he thought it had been the right course to take.

The minister spoke for the officers of the church. Their duties were not light, and they needed the support of the members, and he had no doubt they would receive it.

Rev. Mr. Arnold has been a pastor of the Third church for a little less than two years, during which time the membership has increased materially, and

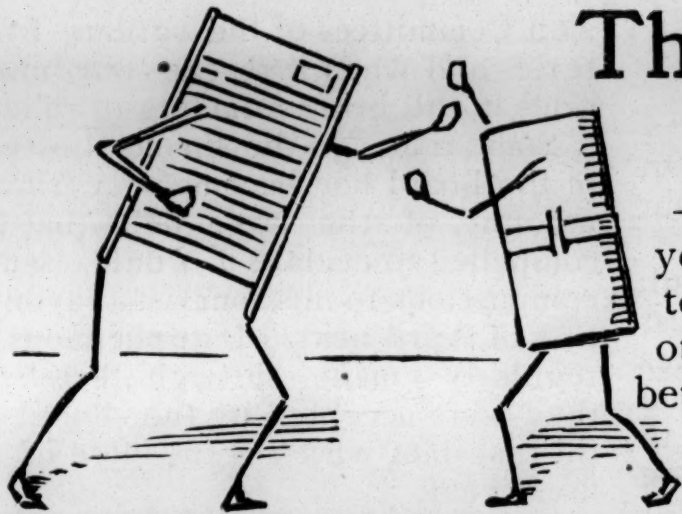
all lines of church work have been advanced. He goes to Riverside, Cal., to become pastor of the the First Church of that place.—*Oregonian*.

WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE.—Last Sabbath Rev. A. L. Hutchison, D. D., pastor of our First church, preached an anniversary sermon it being the completion of a year of service, and he took the opportunity to review the year's work. There was much in the review for encouragement. When Dr. Hutchison took charge of this church a year ago, it was just after the Presbytery of Puget Sound by various actions had repeatedly and most seriously crippled the church. The outlook seemed doubtful. The congregation had the best appointed audience room in the Northwest; but they had the burden of a heavy debt to bear. Their membership was only 381. The people incensed at the, as they felt, unrighteous action of Presbytery were almost ready to cut loose from the Presbyterian standard. But amidst all these discouraging features the work has gone bravely on. Dr. Hutchison has labored most indefatigably and has been ably seconded by his devoted wife. The roll of church-membership now numbers 455. There have been 92 members received during the year, 35 of them on profession of faith. The prayer-meetings have been and are well attended. The Sunday-school has taken on new life. The Y. P. S. C. E. Society is actively at work. The Men's League has been organized and has taken up its distinctive work; and the Ladie's Aid and Missionary societies have been doing consecrated work, and the financial burden—which has been a most serious burden, during the past year, with its many financial disasters—has been taken up and carried most remarkably and bravely on. Therefore the people of the First church feel that they have a leader sent from God.

The week of prayer in January was observed in a manner differing somewhat from that usually taken. The subjects and topics were more practical than those usually considered. Monday night of the week was set apart for thanksgiving and confession. Tuesday evening was given up to the Young People's Society, and to consider how that important division of the church could best do its share of the work. Wednesday was an all day conference of the workers of the church, the members coming and going as their duties of the day allowed, but all unwillingly going unless compelled to do so by other urgent duties, many taking their lunch to the church to thus spend the whole day. All the various organizations of the church reported and consulted over their difficulties and encouraged each other by their successes. Thursday evening the prayer service was more than ever enjoyed. On Friday evening the services of the week were closed with a most helpful evangelistic service. But the meetings could not stop there, they were carried on during the following week, and the subject of the study

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and prayer was a more intimate knowledge of the Holy Spirit and a desire for His indwelling presence.

Last week Monday and Tuesday a convention of the Young People's Societies of the churches connected with the Presbytery of Puget Sound was held in the First church. The attendance was not very large, but the interest was maintained throughout. Dr. Holt, of Portland, delivered an address on the relations of the Young People to Foreign missions, and Dr. Thompson, of Tacoma, addressed the convention on Tuesday evening giving the relation of the Young People to Home missions, these were the principal addresses of the meeting and were most forcibly received. Dr. Thompson took the place of Dr. Hill of Portland at almost the last moment, on account of the illness of Dr. Hill. If it were possible therefore his address was more highly received, because he filled a breach at an opportune time.

It is expected that these conventions will tend to still more increase the loyalty of the Young People's Societies to our own Presbyterian church. Dr. Hutchison beginning with next Sunday evening, will give a series of sermons on some of the foundation subjects of our religion. Such as "God," "Man," "Heaven," "Hell," "Satan," "The Atonement." Such subjects are too often in these days passed over, and the Bible and God's view of some of them are thought to be too severe. No doubt it is well once in a while to turn back and listen to a gospel statement of the fundamental doctrine. And after all isn't it the Gospel as revealed from beginning to end in the Old Bible that wins.

March 14, 1897.

PRESBYTERIAL MEETINGS

SESSIONAL RECORDS AND ASSESSMENT.

Spokane, Rockford, April 13, 7:30.
East Oregon, Elgin, April 1, 7:30.
Stockton, Stockton, April 9, 7:30.
Walla Walla, Waitsburg, April 1, 7:30.
Willamette, Brownsville, April 13, 7:30.
Benicia, Santa Rosa, April 6, 7:30.
Sacramento, Placerville, April 8, 7:30.

Southern Dakota Parker, April 13, 7:30
Portland, Portland, April 13, 7:30.
Los Angeles, Riverside, April 13, 7:30
Southern Oregon, Oakland, April 13, 7:30.

San Francisco, First Church, April 12, 7:30.

The annual meeting of the Women's Presbyterial Society, of Home Missions, Oakland Presbytery, will be held on Friday, March 26, at 10 A. M., in the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland. A large attendance is desired. Lunch will be served by the ladies of the church.

MRS. W. H. H. HAMILTON, Pres.

Church sessions are requested to send the Narrative of the State of Religion before April 1, 1897, to Rev. F. D. Seward, Fresno, Cal., who is Chairman of the Committee on Narrative.

The Presbytery of Santa Barbara will meet in the First Presbyterian Church, Santa Barbara, April 20th, at 7:30 P. M. It is required that Session Records be brought to the meeting for examination.

W. DONALD, Stated Clerk.

DIED.

In his eighty-second year, on the 11th of February, 1897, at his home in San Rafael, Joseph Gordon. A generous Christian man, Mr. Gordon has been a liberal friend of THE OCCIDENT from its earliest days; he subscribed annually for a number of copies which were sent to such families as he named.

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NO OCCASION FOR FEAR.

BY REV. JAMES WOODWORTH.

[For THE OCCIDENT.]

In a recent article by Professor Zockler (translated into English for the Literary Digest) in speaking of the modern teachings with reference to the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch, the integrity of Isaiah, and questions of that kind, he says, "In Germany the protagonists of the old views are found not in the ranks of the university men, but in those of the ministry."

And in the Evangelical Lutheran Church Gazette, which is recognized as the ablest representative of the conservative element in Germany, occurs the following: "Although among the university men there have been very few who have undertaken to defend the old views of the Church with reference to the divine character of the Scriptures, the rank and file of the pastors have boldly come to the front in this good work, and the anti-critical biblical literature is greater than it has been for many years."

This is certainly encouraging, and it is a pleasure to know that a similar encouraging condition of things prevails in our own country, where it may at least be said the champions of the new views are to be found principally not in the ranks of the ministry but in those of the college and university professors. It is encouraging because it indicates the limited influence which these false teachers with all their scholarship are exerting, and shows especially that the ministers who are the real guardians of the truth and the leaders of the people in religious thought, with only an occasional exception remain unaffected by such false teachings, and that the young men who are coming into the ministry have escaped their pernicious effects, notwithstanding the fascination which they often have for men of inquiring and progressive minds.

It is encouraging also because of the comfort which it affords us when we couple with it the promises to be found in the Word of God. I find in that Word no promise of blessing and help to the professorship, but I do find many such promises, direct and implied, from the Lord to his ministers, not the least assuring of which is his final declaration to them. "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The idea prevails in the minds of many that because so much of the learning and scholarship of the world is arrayed against the truth, therefore it is in dan-

ger, but we must not forget that it is said by one inspired to make the declaration, that God has chosen even the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and when we remember that the gospel, founded upon the Word of God, when it first started out had the scholarship as well as the political and ecclesiastical power of the world to contend with, that such has to a great extent been its experience all along down the ages, and that yet, notwithstanding this and in spite of all opposing forces, it has made its way triumphantly, as it is doing still, we have not a particle of reason to fear or of occasion to doubt. These seeming mountain barriers that the "scholars" are piling up will prove to be like the fog banks ahead of a railroad train, which while they appear to some of the passengers like impassable mountains, have no effect upon the train but to make those in charge of it more watchful and cautious until the seeming danger is passed, and it emerges into the open sunshine beyond.

While the same watchfulness and caution on our part is at all times necessary to guard against the obstructions seeming, as well as real, that the enemy is continually seeking to place in the way of the Gospel train, we have no occasion for even an effort to slacken its speed, but should rather endeavor to press it on with increased rapidity and power, remembering that we have with us the Great Conductor who knows all the dangers, and who will protect it and guide it, according to his unfailing promise, to its destination.

Bethink thee of something that thou oughtest to do, and go and do it, if it be but the sweeping of a room or the preparing of a meal or a visit to a friend. Heed not thy feelings; do thy work.—George MacDonald.

Rest in the Lord; wait patiently for him. In Hebrew, "Be silent to God, and let him mould thee." Keep still, and He will mould thee to the right shape.—Martin Luther.

ESCAPED FROM CHILI.

The Dangerous Adventure of Detective W. M. Lugg.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Four years ago, at the time of the trouble between the United States and Chili, as a result of the killing of the sailors of the U. S. S. Baltimore, in the streets of a Chilian city, many Americans were obliged to leave the country for safety. Among them was W. M. Lugg, the private detective and collector, whose office is in the Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

When Mr. Lugg left Chili he went across the mountains into Argentine, traveling on mule-back. He says that the trip is a delightful one in point of beautiful scenery and perfect weather, but many people dislike to undertake it on account of the unhealthy stagnant water which they are compelled to drink along the way. The native Chilians drink the water without injury to their systems, but it has a bad effect upon those who are not used to it.

"I fell a victim to the injurious qualities of the water," said Mr. Lugg. "It affected my kidneys to an alarming degree. When I got over into Argentine I thought the trouble would gradually leave me, but instead of that it grew more aggravated and I suffered terribly from pains in the region of my kidneys. I was en route to Chicago and I determined to reach my destination before the complaint should grow so serious as to confine me to my bed. Upon reaching Chicago I at once consulted a physician, who told me my kidneys had been affected by drinking polluted water. He treated me for some time for that complaint, but I grew steadily worse and new ailments were added to my already serious condition. I began to have neuralgic pains in my head, my spine was affected with shooting pains and I had no control over the urinary organs. It was next to impossible for me to get any sleep. I lay awake many a night suffering most intense pains, and the physician unable to relieve them.

But relief came at last. One day one of my friends came to my room and handed me a box of William's Pink Pills. Of course I laughed at him for daring to think that any patent medicine could aid me when my physician had failed. I took the pills, however, to oblige my friend more than for any faith I had in them, and I was treated to the most joyous surprise of my life when I realized that I was being relieved of my pains. First the peculiar pains along my spine ceased, and then my neuralgic trouble began to grow less and finally left me entirely. It took a good while to improve the condition of my kidneys, but after I had taken a number of boxes of the pills I knew that they had done their work successfully, for then I had regained control of the urinary organs, and the action of my kidneys was strong and steady. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who were suffering from kidney complaints, and they have all been benefited by their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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A USEFUL DOG.

Dogs are not expected to earn their own living, any more than dolls and other such pets, but an interesting exception to the rule is reported. As the story goes, the mistress of the dog is also a keeper of hens. One of these was sitting upon a "clutch" of thirteen eggs, and Don, the black-and-tan, soon became very curious to know why she stayed in the barn so closely. The dog, as it appears, had formerly been given to teasing the hen, snatching her food away from her, and otherwise making himself a torment; but this intercourse had gradually turned into friendship, and the two would sometimes be seen lying and squatting side by side in the sun, on a bit of carpet in the back porch.

During the three weeks that the hen sat on her eggs Don used to pay daily visits to the barn, and sometimes would stay with her by the half-hour.

Then the chicks came out of their shells. Don was intensely interested. All day long he scarcely left the barn. The next morning, when the hen stepped off the nest and with a cluck called her brood after her, Don followed.

The hen fell to scratching, and the fluffy chicks darted hither and thither, picking up the tit-bits which the mother had uncovered.

"Good!" said Don to himself; "I can help in this business," and to the terror of the chickens he ran in among them and began turning up the soil at a lively rate. Then he sat down and waited.

The mother had called back the chicks to the newly scratched earth, and soon they picked it clean. Then the dog took another turn. And so the good work proceeded, to the great delight of all the parties.—*The Scottish-American.*

THE HOME NEST.

Did you ever watch a bird when it was building its nest? It picks up a piece of dry grass, a feather, a bit of string; here one fragment, there an-

other, but each selected carefully. It examines, rejects, chooses, as if each atom were of great importance, as it really is, since it is to form a part of the nest where the bird must live. What is woven into it will make all the difference between its being hard or soft, comfortable or thorny. In much the same way do we build our homes; not the house and its furnishings, but the inner home life in which we dwell. The things we weave into it day by day may seem like trifles, and yet combined they make all the difference between a happy home and a miserable one. A cross word picked up at the breakfast table, a little slight carefully cherished and twisted into the day's weaving, a thorn of selfishness, a tangled bit of fault-finding, how they darken and spoil the whole fabric. Or we can gather loving words, kindly services, bits of good cheer; each of them only trifles; but they make the home-nest a place of shelter and comfort, a type of the home to which we look forward.—*Forward.*

A COURAGEOUS HORSE.

Two men accompanied by a fierce mastiff were going across a field one day; the dog broke away from them and pounced on a harmless donkey, seizing the poor animal by the throat

and dragging him off his feet. The dog then began to worry the donkey in a way that seemed to give small hopes of his ever being able to rise again. The men did their utmost to call off the dog, but he would give no heed to their commands or their sticks. Now a horse in a neighboring field saw the whole affair, and he apparently made up his mind that, without timely help, the donkey's fate was sealed. At once he bounded over the hedge and made for the spot. On reaching it he seized the dog with his teeth and tore him away from his prey. He then wheeled round and flung his heels at the dog. That animal, not liking to receive a drubbing, however much he liked to give one, slunk off with his tail between his legs. The brave horse then strutted round the helpless donkey, seemingly proud of his victory—as, indeed, he had good reason to be.—*Scottish-American.*

VERY HARD LINES.

"What's the good of trying to save money?" sobbed a pretty little matron the other day. "It's only for the benefit of people who can't or won't save. Here we've been economizing for the past two years. I really denied myself things to wear—yes, and things to eat and drink, too, in order that we might acquire a certain sum. And now, when we're getting pretty well on toward it, my husband's sister has a stroke of paralysis, her four children fall upon us, and I've got to help to support them." "You should be glad that you have the means to do so," said a friend. "Oh, your grandmother!" was her irrelevant reply: "that's asking me to be more of a Christian than I am. Don't I know that she tried in every way possible to keep her brother from marrying me, even going so far as to tell him a lot of stories about me that were absolutely false! He told me all about it after we were married. And now our money's got to support her. Oh, don't talk to me. I'm only human and don't claim to be anything else. I'll be better after a good cry."—*Ex.*

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HINTS FOR THE HOME.

INVALID CUP PUDDING.—One tablespoonful (even) of tapioca soaked two hours in nearly one cup of new milk. Stir into this the yolk of one fresh egg, a little sugar and a grain or two of salt. Bake in a cup fifteen minutes.

SPICE CAKE.—Mix one-third of a cup of butter with one-half of a cup of sugar, add one-half of a cup of molasses and one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one of clove, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water, one egg well beaten, then two cups of flour, and last, one cup of chopped raisins mixed with a little flour and bake. Figs may be used instead of raisins if desired.

In baking a cake, especially a loaf cake, great care should be taken not to jar the oven or to let it cool by opening the door. Avoid draught, even a pan of cold water set on the stove will sometimes cool the oven and cause the cake to fall.

CREAM PUFFS.—One and one-half cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one-half of a pint of boiling water and a little salt. Boil the water and butter together and stir in the flour while boiling. Let it cool and add five well beaten eggs, beat whites and yolks separately, drop on buttered tins and

bake thirty minutes in a quick oven. This will make twelve cakes. While baking prepare the cream. When the cakes are done cut open and fill with the cream.

CREAM FILLING.—One pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, vanilla to taste and two eggs. Beat the eggs and mix with the flour and sugar; when the milk boils stir this in and add the vanilla.

POP-OVERS.—Beat thoroughly one egg and add to it one cup of sifted flour and a pinch of salt. Beat into this one cup of milk till all is well mixed. This is a very thin batter. Bake in deep muffin tins in a hot oven thirty or forty minutes. Do not open the oven door till the pop-overs are nearly done.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED IN TYPHOID CASES.

In nursing typhoid fever, the following very essential points should be borne in mind:

That thoughtful care is necessary.

That the disinfectants ordered are faithfully used; as neglect in this particular spreads the disease.

That the patient's mind is fragile, and unpleasant news and emotional tidings should never reach the ears of the patient.

That medicine and food must be taken regularly, and that tact and sense are necessary to accomplish this.

That no draughts of air should cross the sick bed.

That the air must be pure, and temperature of room kept day and night at 98 degrees Fah., unless the doctor orders otherwise.

That frequent rubbing aid recovery.

That during convalescence is the time to put in your best work and care.

That the mother, sister, or nurse in charge of the patient should have sufficient rest and recreation.

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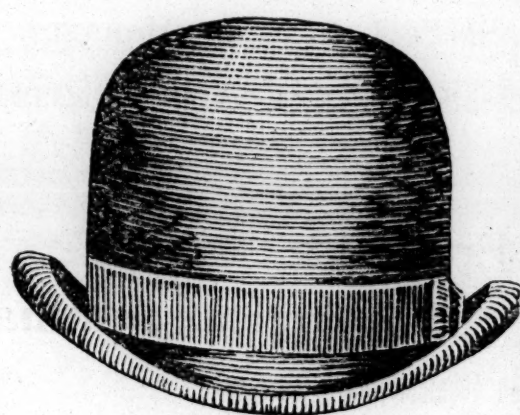
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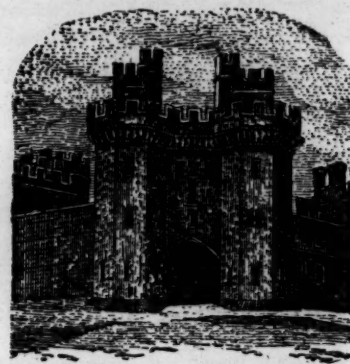
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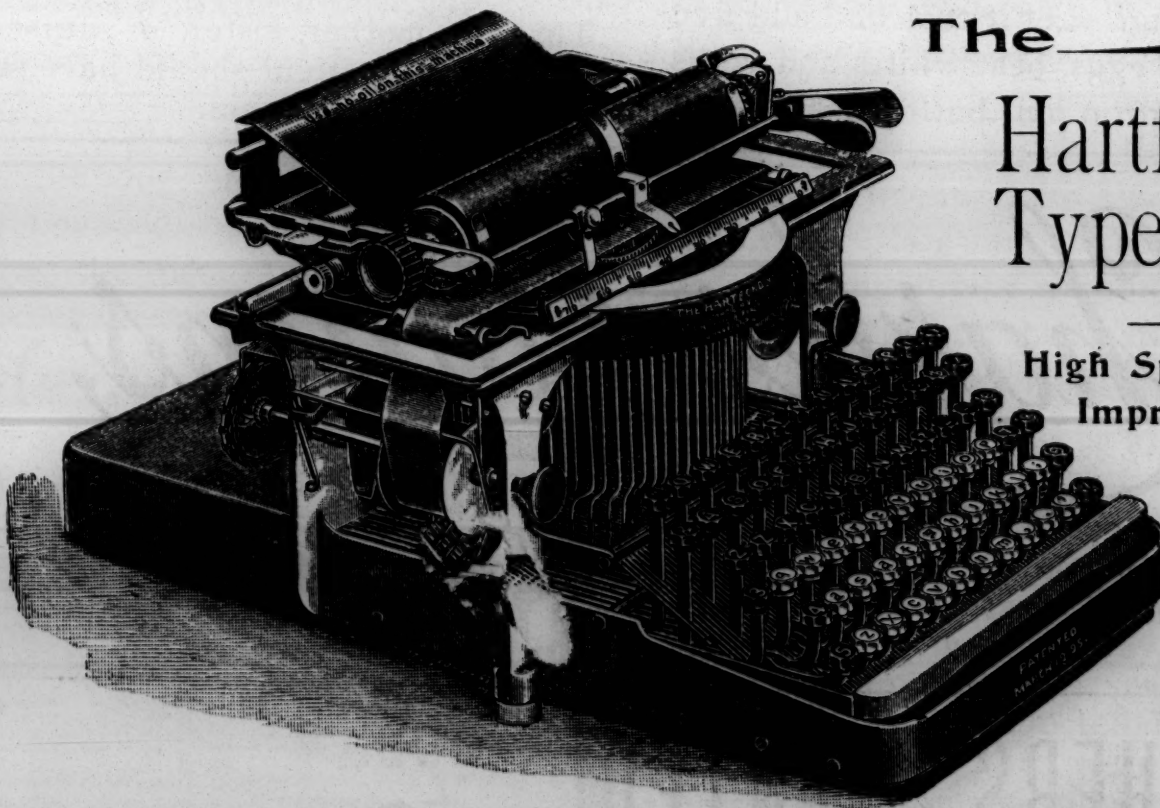
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